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B'nai B'rith Magazine



Volume XXXIX

Number 1

My Adventures with Radicals

By a Government Secret Service Operator

The Nordic Conquest of North America

By Lucius Solomons

Silbermann—A Novel

By Jacques de Lacretelle

The Tribe of Levy in France

By Dr. A. A. Roback

New Pogroms for Old

By Dr. Joel Blau

THE

NATIONAL JEWISH

MONTHLY

Circulation this Issue

80,000

"Unaccustomed as we are--"

to blowing our own horn we cannot refrain from the pleasure of pointing out what you will find as you turn the pages of this magazine, namely, that it is bigger, more profusely illustrated, and —we say it in all modesty—better than ever before.

* * *

Our name has been changed from B'nai B'rith News to B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE not only because our field was to be enlarged but because we had outgrown the old name. This publication contains not merely news, but the wide range of special articles, stories, poems, editorials and feature departments that make it indeed "The National Jewish Monthly."

* * *

You will see—we hope—that the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE has been improved, we might say, both spiritually and physically. Not only does it contain articles and a story to which we are proud to call your attention, but every effort has been made to make it attractive typographically and in the way of illustrations.

* * *

One feature which has been added is the picture section. This will be continued and probably enlarged in subsequent issues. Timely and interesting photographs will be presented from month to month.

* * *

Among our contributors we have a noted French novelist, an eminent

teacher, an authority on psychology, several well known journalists and other able writers. The editorials and book reviews are the work of experienced staff writers.

* * *

The illustrations for the articles entitled "A Year in the Holy Land" and "A New Interpretation" are reproductions of the work of the remarkable German artist, E. M. Lilien.

* * *

Triple interest attaches to the frontispiece: first, it is an excellent example of the work of the coming young artist, Ben Silbert; second, it is an illustration for the article by Beatrice Levi, herself an artist of distinction; and third, it is a portrait of Dr. Joseph Beck, the noted Chicago surgeon.

* * *

"My Adventures with Radicals" is the first of a series of five articles by a man whose work as special agent of the Department of Justice qualifies him to speak with authority about the activities of the reds and the part played with them by Jews. "Silbermann" is the first installment of the French prize novel by Jacques de Lacretelle which brings us to

Next Month

when we will continue the good work, continuing all the old worthwhile features and adding a surprise or two.

B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE

Founded 1886 by Benjamin F. Peixotto

Contributors' Columns

Jacob Spolansky was for six years an agent of the Department of Justice who investigated "red" activities in the United States. He is now engaged in journalism. Articles on various phases of his work are now appearing in a number of large newspapers.

Dr. Joel Blau is a religious leader and writer of prominence. He is the rabbi of Congregation Peni El in New York City, and a contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly* and other magazines. His articles entitled "A Proposal for a New Bargain Between Jew and Christian," and "How Does the Fundamentalist-Modernist Controversy Affect Judaism?" which appeared in the B'NAI B'RITH NEWS last year attracted much attention.

Dr. Max L. Margolis, an associate editor of the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE, is spending a year in Palestine as temporary professor of the American School of Archeology in Jerusalem. For a number of years he has been a professor of Biblical Philology at Dropsie College. Readers of the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE will remember his "The Story of Our People," and "The Truth About the Jew."

Lee J. Levinger is another well known rabbi-journalist. He is rabbi of the Temple of Truth, Wilmington, Del., and a frequent contributor to the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE.

Emanuel G. Frank is a young poet who has contributed to various magazines.

his novel, "Silbermann," which begins in this issue, he is very much interested in the Jews. But he is not the first of his line to express this interest.

In 1777 Pierre Louis Lacretelle, a lawyer in the high court of Nancy, made an eloquent plea in defense of the Jews. Since this was long before the Abbe Gregoire and the great Mirabeau pleaded the Jewish cause, Lacretelle can justly be considered one of the first champions of Jewish emancipation.

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Lucius Solomons, first vice-president of the B'nai B'rith, is a practicing lawyer in San Francisco. His great grandfather was the first regularly ordained rabbi in America and for fifty years served the Spanish-Portuguese Congregation of New York.

Jacques de Lacretelle is a young French writer whose work has met with great favor both in his country and in America. As will be seen by

Rosalind Ach Schwab first appeared in these columns last May. She has written verse and book reviews for various periodicals among them the *Menorah Journal*, and is the author of several playlets presented by sisterhoods and a number of sections of the Council of Jewish Women.

Dr. A. A. Roback, of the Department of Psychology at Harvard University, has written, edited and translated a large number of books and articles on psychology and allied subjects. He is also a member of a number of academic societies.

Beatrice C. Levy is a young artist whose etchings and paintings have met with great favor in Chicago, New York and other cities where they have been exhibited. Her article on Ben Silbert is the first of a series by her about young Jewish artists.

Harold Berman is a writer and Jewish antiquarian.



Portrait of Dr. Joseph Beck, Chicago Surgeon

This is the latest work of Ben Silbert, the young artist who is discussed on page 25

THE B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE

The National Jewish Monthly

VOLUME XXXIX

OCTOBER, 1924

NUMBER 1

My Adventures with Radicals

By Jacob Spolansky

Former agent of the Department of Justice

One who has spent six years in investigating "red" activities gives a decided negative in answer to the question: "Are the radicals, Jews?"

"THE Jews are conspiring to get control of the whole world," he said with the utmost gravity. "Already they own two-thirds of it."

General Cherep-Spiridovich leaned back in his chair and resumed his puffing at the long cigar which he seemed so to enjoy, fixing me, meanwhile with his steady compelling gaze. Years before, these same eyes were wont to smoulder with a fierce, eager fire which at once commanded respect and compelled obedience. In the old days, too, he had been more stockily built, and his shock of hair, now turned almost white, had risen above his high forehead in a jet-black mass. Now, although thin, he still held the bearing of a soldier, and his eye still could spark fire, on occasion. Seeing him pass on the street, swinging along straight as a board, with his peculiar stride approaching a goose step, eyes straight ahead and lips firm-set below a close-cropped gray moustache, he looked just what he was—a commander of men. He always appeared—and I believe he actually did imagine himself again at the head of an army—as if he were about to pass the reviewing stand at the head of his artillery forces in the old-time Czarist army.

Even as he sat in the high-backed chair in his room at the Auditorium Hotel, chewing his stogie, he seemed to uphold the dignity of his years

and former position. His manner was forceful and convincing even when he talked arrant nonsense as in the present instance. If anyone else had tried to tell me this old fairy tale of the Jewish striving for power I should have laughed; to this man I expressed my doubt more respectfully.

"But I assure you there is no mistake," he answered. "Even now the Jews control absolutely the money sources of the world. They expect, within one hundred years to have control of the world itself."

Again I disagreed—and presented facts to prove the folly of his contention.

But there were others—many others—who believed what he said. They did not possess actual knowledge to the contrary, perhaps they were not unwilling to believe his stories, and in any case one did not lightly disown a statement made by the General Cherep-Spiridovich.

I had been sent to see the general to investigate the theft which he had suffered of two travelling bags full of notes and correspondence (the correspondence later proved to be of a most incriminating character); but even under the circumstances the general saw fit to introduce the irrelevant subject of the so-called Jewish conspiracy. Apparently he passed up no opportunity for launching his charges. Later when I had occasion as a federal agent to investigate Spiridovich's mission in

Chicago it was no surprise to learn that he was a vigorous anti-Semitic propagandist.

B EING a Personage—a descendant of ancient Lithuanian kings, a general, a member of the Czar's staff—he had no difficulty in establishing himself. He occupied a large suite at the Auditorium Hotel, in Chicago, his expenses being paid by a prominent local capitalist, whom he had interested to such an extent in Slav affairs that the man was willing to give considerable backing to the anti-Semitic propaganda of the general. Spiridovich claimed that he represented the "United Britons," an organization headed by Dr. Clark in London; and from his favorable position he sent out thousands of pieces of vicious literature. Some of these were sent to him; many he published himself at the expense of the Chicago capitalist. His agents distributed his pamphlets among posts of the American Legion.

Everyone now knows what a baleful visitor Cherep-Spiridovich was—he was exposed in one magazine of wide circulation and in newspapers all over the country—but though he was discredited the insidious rumors he started still linger in the minds of many people like the angry red glow of the embers after the fire is out. It is far easier to make the public believe than to make them relinquish their beliefs.

The case of Spiridovich, moreover, is only one example of one type of anti-Jewish propaganda. Propaganda constantly being spread by other agents. It is whispered that all radicals are Jews and that all Jews are radicals.

"Ridiculous!" you say. Yet thousands believe these reports.

IN THIS country and in Europe persons of authority, well educated, some few giants of the industrial world, did and do believe firmly that the spread of radicalism may be traced directly to the Jews. Henry Ford was so firmly convinced that he employed his magazine, the *Dearborn Independent*, as an agent to broadcast the charges. The State Department of the United States became so credulous that it was thought best to carry on an investigation through the Department of Justice which should verify or dissipate the rumors. Everyone knows from his reading and his everyday association with people that anti-Semitic associations have been formed, magazines and other publications established expressly for the purpose of spreading these rumors as truth.

The object of these articles is not to prove, necessarily, the falsity of these charges against the Jews, but to present the facts in the case; to show what connection, if any, the Jews have had with radicalism and what influence they have had on its growth.

For six years the writer served as special investigator for the government, assigned to make a thorough inquiry into all radical activities in the United States. For six years he has followed the trail of the reds, from coast to coast, watching their activities, reporting their movements. It is on the basis of this intensive investigation that these findings are made public.

In order to understand clearly the position of the Jew in relation to radicalism it is necessary to review briefly the growth of radicalism as a whole. That takes us back to Stuttgart, Germany, in 1907. The scene is the International Socialist Congress. There assembled representative socialists from all nations, among them two men who were later to play an important part in the history of their country and indirectly in the history of the world, Nikolai Lenin and Leon Trotsky. Even then Lenin was a man of some influence in his own party as was shown when he was able to swing a majority to the adoption of a program which he favored. This program called upon

Socialism, as opposing warfare, to refuse to recognize international aspirations and to agitate a "social revolution," and Lenin's majority applying to themselves the Russian word for majority, Bolshevism, were the nucleus for that party which is now known the world around as the Bolsheviks.



Underwood.

Boris Brazol, Cherep-Spiridovich's chief in the United States

IN THE summer of 1914, when war was impending, the ranks of this party were further increased by a majority of the leaders of the social revolutionary party who then openly allied themselves with their more radical brothers. Another conference of Internationals, called largely through the efforts of Lenin, was held in Switzerland in 1915. There delegates from Russia, France, Germany, Italy, Poland, Switzerland, Roumania and Bulgaria adopted a program opposed to collusion with the capitalistic, non-producing class and pledged a vigorous campaign throughout the world.

At this conference, also, Lenin called A. Melinowsky, a member of the Russian Duma, and employed him to go as an agitator among the Russian prisoners of war in Germany. Melinowsky was also connected directly with the Czar's secret service, and it is interesting to note that it was largely through his work and that of his

agents, that a separate peace was accomplished between Russia and Germany. Other agents visited soldiers in the trenches and at home. Here they preached insubordination, discontent and revolt with such success that soldiers deserted, a few at a time at first, then as the movement grew, in still greater numbers until hundreds of thousands had thrown aside their guns to join the army of deserters who were rushing home to make sure that they received their rightful share of the spoils. Everyone knows the anarchy and chaos which resulted.

Documents in the possession of the United States government show that Melinowsky was paid through the Imperial Bank of Germany.

After Czar Nicholas was forced to abdicate on March 15, 1918, the government fell into the hands of Paul Miloukov, who in turn, was followed by Lenin. The rest of the story is too familiar to need to be summarized here.

THE thing in which we are interested is the report which immediately became current among the opponents of Communism—never its advocates, note—to the effect that the radical leaders in Russia were all Jews. When the facts were investigated it was found that among the original Bolshevik leaders there was indeed a Jew, Trotsky. But the others were Lenin, Rodek, Kallorow, and the non-Jewish delegates from Italy, Poland, Sweden, Roumania, Russia, Bulgaria, Germany and France! One outstanding Jewish leader and therefore the Jews were responsible for Bolshevism.

It was said that the Russian revolution was engendered by Jews. Affecting indirectly, as it did, our own soldiers, this subject was completely reported to the United States government by secret service operatives. While the details of this report may not be made public. This much, however, may be said:

Russia was tense with unrest, her people weary of war, grumbling over general conditions, sick from centuries of oppression under the rule of the czars. They had suffered the strain and hardship of war, and it must be remembered that the wave of Socialism, Syndicalism, Communism—their meaning essentially the same if interpreted in the light of Russia's situation at that time—had been steadily enlarging and the situation becoming more intense with each passing month, each added burden and oppression the people were called upon to

carry. War and the hardships of war merely made that time opportune for the convulsion which was bound to come and let loose a desperate people determined to be freed from a life of betrayals by the ruling class.

THAT this is true may be seen by analysis of the position of the Russian people. Russia's millions were ruled by Russia's thousands—the nobles, the aristocracy of the country whose word was law. Their oppression was complete. A suggestion of a move against the rule of the Czar meant prison—or death. And this condition had existed for centuries. The people, by 1915, had grown restive; the sullen mutterings of the downtrodden peasants, who asked only to be let alone and be allowed to live, were becoming more frequent, and more often were these mutterings loud enough to carry their influence as a stimulant to courage in others. They needed only a leader who could combine these discontented beings into an invincible force. Russia's people as a whole, were weary and resentful. Add to this resentment which had mounted through the years the hardships, the tyrannies of war, and there could have been no other result than

Underwood.



General Cherep-Spiridovich, a former commander in the Czar's forces, who was very active in spreading anti-Semitic propaganda in the United States.



Jacob Spolansky, who tells his personal experiences with Bolsheviks, Communists, and many other "reds"

revolution. Eminent analysts of the Russian situation have stated as their opinion that even without the impetus given by Radical Socialists, revolution still would have come.

Such being the case, the Jews may be seen to have scant connection with the causes of the Russian revolution. Furthermore, there are some 150,000,000 inhabitants in Russia; of these about 3,000,000 are Jews. In the light of this fact, judge the value of the statement that the Jews were responsible for the revolution.

One of the very interesting documents I found during my investigations was a report of the executive committee membership of the Communist International for the year 1922-23. The members were:

G. Zinoviev, chairman—Jew.
 Frossard—French.
 Souvarine—French.
 Clara Zetkin—German.
 Everlein—German.
 Bukharin—Russian.
 Radek—German.
 Smeral—Czecho-Slovakian.
 Neurath—Czecho-Slovakian.
 Generat—Italian.
 Grasci—Italian.

Safarov—Tartar.
 McManus—British.
 Carr—American.
 Hueglund—Scandinavian.
 Schefflo—Scandinavian.
 Pruchnjak—Polish.
 Kuusinen—Finnish.
 Kolaroff—Bulgarian.
 Garden—Australian.
 Stuermer—South American.
 Andrews—South African.
 Katayama—Japanese.

If the communists were content to allow their organization to be run by Jews and their policies dictated by Jews is it not reasonable to suppose that on the governing body of the organization there would be more than one representative Jew?

In the next article Mr. Spolansky will discuss the rise of Communism in the United States and show what a slight connection the Jews had with it.

New Pogroms for Old

(Being a Reply to Bertrand Russell's "New Morals for Old")

By Joel Blau

THEY are not the worst pogroms in which blood flows. There are worse pogroms: in which ink flows.

Fastidious persons who would scout the suggestion of participating in an old-fashioned bloody pogrom do not hesitate to institute, on a larger or lesser scale, a new sort of pogrom in which the darker fluid is being poured out, and whereby it is easy to prove, at least by implication, that the pen is mightier than the sword, at least in hatred. One form of pogrom is rioting, another—writing. The one is directed against the body of Israel, the other takes for its target chiefly the soul.

It appears that the West cannot forgive the East that it owes so much to the land of the rising sun. One of the surest ways of inflicting lasting injury upon a person or a people is to become his or its benefactor. Where gratitude becomes irksome, it speedily turns into the venom of hate. What can be more offensive than being placed by a benefactor in a position of moral dependence? The man who said that gratitude is a lively expectation of future favors failed to take account of those cases where gratitude takes the inverted form of a lively execration of past favors. Israel had given the peoples in the lands of the setting sun their God, their Messiah, their Religion; what better way could there be of shirking the obligation of thankfulness for this threefold gift than to cast doubt upon its authenticity and validity?

The result is a pogrom of ink. New pogroms for old. The Jewish God is written up as a wrathful demon of the desert. The Galilean Messiah was not Jewish: for did he not have, or was he not painted as having had, reddish-blond locks? Who has ever heard of a blond Semite? Jesus was a Nordic. Nay more: he was a true German, offspring of a German soldier garrisoned in Galilee. Hush! we must accept this statement and ask no troublesome questions about the Holy Ghost. And as for the Jewish religion, it is a system of narrow ritual prescriptions, creating as many petty peccadilloes as it seeks to prohibit; a conglomerate of mechanical rules long outdated, which fetters the free expression of the soul and can no longer

be regarded as binding upon the Western conscience.

THUS, our inky pogromists proclaim with great gusto "new morals for old," when they mean new pogroms for old. The latest to join this crusade is Bertrand Russell now visiting in this country. In an article, headed "New Morals for Old," which appeared in the *Nation*, he takes a fling at Jewish sex-morality, at the Jewish ideal of marriage and home. He does this in the approved style of the cultural anti-Semite, who in and out of season insists that the Western world ought at last to shake off the spiritual domination of the Jew; of the Jew and his religion, of the Jew and his morals. Personally, I do not like to be put to the necessity of taking issue with this eminent writer and philosopher, to whom I owe much of instruction and inspiration: but, being friendly to the philosopher, can I forget that he is unfriendly to my people?

Think of the cheap fling Bertrand Russell allows himself when he says with reference to Jewish ritualism in its relation to morality: "The Jews, for example, prohibited murder and theft, adultery and incest, the eating of pork and seething the kid in its mother's milk. To us the last two precepts may seem less important than the others, but religious Jews have observed them far more scrupulously than what seemed to us fundamental principles of morality." Forsooth, we have not heard such a cheap attack upon Judaism ever since even Reform pulpits have ceased to speak of a Kosher stomach and a Treifah heart! How utterly unworthy of a man who is the owner of such a keen mind as Bertrand Russell's! The easiest thing is to descend to personalities of this type. If his was the genuine scientific desire to prove the Jewish sex-morality outdated, he certainly obscured the issue by injecting this wholly irrelevant element, touching the alleged overemphasis which certain Jews are placing upon ritual as compared with morality. Does Bertrand Russell really mean to suggest that Jews thought less of incest and adultery, theft and murder, than of eating pork and seething the kid in its mother's milk? If so, he is guilty not only of irrelevancy

but of slander—both not in keeping with the scientific temper of mind, let alone with the reformer's desire to substitute new morals for old.

We do not wish to follow suit by indulging in personalities on our part. But Mr. Russell himself must realize that, the facts of his life being known, he of necessity lays himself open to the suspicion that his advocacy of a new sex-morality for the Jewish one is *ex post facto*. In other words, he is rationalising, to use the jargon of the modern psychologists. He is inventing a theory to fit, and to cover, his conduct. When the Freudian theory first became known, it was Israel Zangwill who wittily paraphrased it by saying that it meant: "The suppressed wish is father to the thought!" May it not be that in the case of Russell it is the *expressed* wish that was father to his thought?

II.

BUT enough of this. Let us try to be objective. Let us analyse Russell's own words. He says: "A good man is a man who cares for the happiness of his relations and friends, and, if possible, for that of mankind in general, or again, a man who cares for art and science. Whether such a man obeys the moral laws laid down by the Jews thousands of years ago is quite unimportant." Shades of Isaiah and Amos! Methinks, we have heard that definition of goodness before: "he who cares for the happiness of his relations and friends, and, if possible, for that of mankind in general!" Is it not precisely in the ancient Jewish prophecies, yes, and in those very moral rules laid down by Jews thousands of years ago that this definition is most emphatically given? Moreover, if memory does not deceive, is there not a much greater emphasis placed upon social goodness, as over against merely individual goodness, in these very writings and rulings of which Bertrand Russell permits himself to speak so slightly, than his own weakly hypothetical "if possible for that of mankind at large" implies? And is it with such an intellectual purchase to aid him that he would dare jump upon the old Jewish morality, and claim to have superseded the latter by means of his own newly-

invented and recently enacted sex ethics?

But there is in all this temperamental gibe about the *thousand-year old rules of the Jews* a fallacy quite unworthy of the true scientist and philosopher. It seems that Russell the journalist has run away with Russell the scientist. Another instance of the need of an appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober. The fallacy is found in the obviously crude assumption that anything old must *therefore* be necessarily outdated and outworn, with the corollary, quite frequently heard, that anything new must *therefore* be necessarily good and valid. It is the sentimental standpoint of exaggerated futurism, good enough for parlor lecturers and pink-tea preachers but not for serious thinkers. What an argument! The Jews' morality is old: *ergo*, we who live in this age of progress, enlightenment, etc., must have new morals. Suppose one argued that the old is the tried and hence has a better chance of co-inciding with the good than the new and untried? One argument is as good as another, and the latter is not insisted upon except as an illustration of the fallaciousness of the too easily assumed equation of old-bad and new-good. The least that one can say about the Jewish sex-morality is that it has stood the test of time and has been fruitful in good results for the Jew and for mankind. It has been most likely instrumental in the preservation and hardening of the Jewish race, enabling it to withstand persecutions such as a less cleanly lived people might have succumbed to long ago.

IT is hard to believe that mankind has really outgrown the Jewish home ideal, in view of the fact that the wholesome opinion of mankind still leans to the thought that happy homes, blessed with children, where the generous sentiments find their abode and nursing-place, are the foundation of the state and of any civilization worthy of the name. We are aware of the restlessness that has latterly seized upon mankind, as the result of the greatest, most unsettling war. Every institution is being questioned as never before, and it would be a miracle if the institution of marriage escaped all this searching inquiry as to its validity for us of this age. Added to this general skepticism, honest within certain limits, is the effect of certain half-baked psychological theories that have been unscrupulously injected into the consciousness of mankind (particularly in America), and which advance in a rather strident voice the claims of the ego to self-expression. But is it to be assumed that this is

more than a post-war mood? Will not the soberer judgment of mankind veer back, not indeed to a morality based on prohibition and superstitious repression, but to a morality of wholesome checks and balances which enables the individual to express himself without running riot, to be at peace with himself without running afoul of the accepted decencies of life? Such is the Jewish sex morality underlying the Jewish home ideal: has mankind really outgrown it?

It is hard to believe that mankind has outgrown it, when the beauty of the Jewish home life always served as an example of holy living to the rest of the world. They have said almost everything nasty about the Jew that they could find in their anything but bright lexicon; but they had naught but praise for the poetry and appealing quality of the Jewish home. Are we to be attacked here, where we thought ourselves the strongest? The Jew's home must be his fortress and his castle, since the enemy directs its offensive against it. And yet, those who attack it in the name of the new social order must see that the Jewish home ideal in its larger aspect underlies even our aspirations for the perfect society. What was the prophetic conception of that perfect society? Consult Isaiah and Amos, Jeremiah and Hosea: let them tell you! When God is worshipped as the Father of men, when nations are as one family, when the world is a peaceful home for all the children of God, then alone can the perfect society be realized. In a word, the Fatherhood of God, the Brotherhood of Man, and (as I am fond of terming it) the Homehood of the World—all three Jewish ideals—are the indispensable conditions of the realization of the millennial Utopia, the Kingdom of God on earth. Do you not see that the Jewish conception of the Kingdom of God on earth is but an extension and world-wide application of the Jewish home ideal? The Jewish home ideal, like all good things, only began at home; but it did not end until it took in the foundations of the earth and the roof of heaven. It became the basic principle of human civilization at its highest. Could such a principle have sprung from an habitually divided and impermanent home life? It seems that a divided home not only falls itself, but is bound to drag down in its fall the house of civilization. Yet, Bertrand Russell suggests that mankind has outgrown the Jewish home ideal!

III.

THE only defense of Bertrand Russell—one unworthy of him—is his ignorance of Jewish teaching. This

is too obvious to need much proving. Plainly, he looks at the Jewish teaching concerning marriage through the glasses of the New Testament: but the New Testament does not fairly represent the Jewish point of view. Bertrand Russell combats the ideal of the permanence of the home, over against which he would set up the diametrically opposite ideal of the home's impermanence. That is to say, if we are not to mince words, he would exchange the Jewish ideal of the home for the very un-ideal ethics of the poultry-yard. But the Jewish view of the permanence of the home is not the New Testament view. The latter prohibits divorce, which is not Jewish; while the former countenances divorce. Bertrand Russell's stand is more easily understood as a reaction against the puritanic view of Christendom, in which Jewish ideals show in distorted form, than as an opposition to the saner and more humane vision of married life upheld by the original undistorted genius of Israel. But then, Bertrand Russell does not seem to understand the difference.

Christianity being so overwhelmingly Jewish, it is of course a matter of frequent astonishment how overwhelmingly un-Jewish it can on occasion become, mainly through distortion of Judaism's original intent. The result is that our inky pogromists who cannot forgive Christianity its original Jewishness often blame Judaism for Christianity's acquired un-Jewishness. Bertrand Russell, consciously or unconsciously, does the same when he blames Judaism for the fixity of the Jewish home ideal, forgetting that it was *not* the original Jewish Bible which declared that what God has joined together no man dare put asunder. The Jewish view would be that if man did sever any given marriage-tie it was rather a proof that God had not formed it. Accordingly, divorce was permitted. And the strange thing is while in Christendom divorce is, to say the least, frowned upon, it occurs nevertheless with great frequency; whereas in Jewry, where divorce is not discountenanced, it occurs but seldom. In a word, the situation is this: the Christian home, permanent in theory, is impermanent in practice; while the Jewish home, impermanent in theory, is permanent in practice.

The reason? Because the Christian ideal is the ideal of celibacy, the ideal of the cloister. Marriage is but a concession to human weakness. From the extreme ideal of the cloister Russell makes his escape to the equally extreme ideal of the coop. Judaism steers clear of both cloister and coop, gropes its way by a process of evolution to

(Continued on page 48)

A Year in the Holy Land

By Max L. Margolis

I.

IT is but four days ago that I was able to say, "Our feet are standing within thy gates, O Jerusalem." It took us a long time to get to our destination. The steamer "Asia," of the Fabre Line, is known not to be in haste. Tourists whose time is limited will naturally prefer a faster route, though it involve transhipping and the change from ship to train. With small children and quantities of luggage speed had to be sacrificed. It meant a month of enforced vacation. But for a man who had been busy with literary work up to the moment of departure the vacation was most salutary and the force not perceptible. Nor were the days spent in absolute idleness. Quite a number of pages of a work in preparation were typed off in the saloon or in the smoking room. The writer did not mind disturbance, and he hopes his fellow-travellers were not annoyed. Much reading was also done, of the lighter but also of the heavier kind.

Time did not hang heavily on one's hands. The stretch across the Atlantic, the Pond, as we are wont to name it, or the Mediterranean, was the most wearisome. Day in and day out nothing but the sky above and the surging waters below. The first few days were cold and dreary. Then the adjustment from existence on land to the routine on the floating hostelry. And quite a tolerably good hostelry it was. One leaves home for unwonted lands and strange climes with the thought that there will be much to put up with. It is the heroic mood of the exile, and be he of the voluntary kind. The first stage had this advantage that for the time being one was fixed, settled. The problems were yet to come, and at the end one was almost reluctant to leave behind the known situation for

the unknown. The children certainly felt so, and they are governed by a sure instinct.

Thrown together on board a vessel, traveling humanity seeks and finds its own level. Like is drawn to like by the ties of language for one thing,

department in a metropolitan library, others bent on a long sea voyage and continuing on the return trip clear to Marseilles. Into this charming circle even a non-Nordic is admitted. There is much one holds in common. Experiences are exchanged, opinions are aired, and even friendships are made especially among the ready young.

SOME are born mixers. Caste distinctions are for the moment discarded. One feels it is a temporary situation, and one makes the best of it. A card game throws together the dissimilar. But one also stops, and often is stopped, to make conversation with any one who chances to be near. One can so easily go from coterie to coterie. One's horizon is enlarged by drawing the other man out who has a tale to tell so vastly different from one's own groove. The thought often occurred to me that, considering that our life on earth is but transitory, the fellow-travellers on this planet, and be they domiciled in their city homes, should be quite neighborly and more inclined to charitable intercourse with chance acquaintances. But this is not to be for some time yet, if at all.

Jerusalem

(From an etching by E. M. Lilien)



still more so by the cultural link. The "Nordic" prejudice obtruded itself to an infinitesimal extent. The fewest gave expression (though not in the hearing of the writer) to the doctrine that America is for Americans and Christians only. There were all kinds of these Americans: advertising doctors who believed in "unethical" pursuit of patients, a professor or so marking off the sights and sites in Greece and improving the opportunity of learning French by conversing with a fair native and quite royalist maiden, some writing folk, a student going to delve in the archives of Spain for information on relations with America, a woman in charge of an important

What a boon it is to be free from the voluminous newspaper. One begins to long for it, though, after a while. Eagerly the sheets are snatched up at every port. Not that the three other continents have become so Americanized as to bring them to your boat, or even so much as to offer them for sale immediately you land. Beggars, young and old there are a plenty, but none has learned to be a vendor of newspapers. If these words reach some enterprising genius, a new vocation will be created, and the traveller will be rid of a nuisance. But one is glad to get any kind of a sheet, be it a provincial one with much on local matters, and that in an out-of-the-way

dialect. One has to put up with Portuguese for a while; then it becomes possible to see a belated sheet in English and French and German; in Athens one reads with the Athenians the much altered language of Homer, and one is amused at the modern terms so deftly coined; in Constantinople you may read the daily news in French, Greek, and even Russian. Between them all I had a vague notion that Japan recalled her ambassador and that we have followed suit; that Marx was in the saddle, though a nationalist was presiding over the Reichstag; that France has a ministry but has lost Millerand; that Coolidge and Dawes were the choice at Cleveland; that the President had a cold from which I trust he has recovered. Interesting were the European conditions, with nationalism making headway here and socialism there. We learned that Turkey is in need of foreign capital, of any capital, and yet it shuts its port to Jewish emigrants from Poland and Russia. One newspaper lectured the government on this folly, pointing out the benefits that will accrue to the hated Greek at the Piraeus. All told, one is still somewhat short on the subject of news, and back numbers will have to be scanned to pick up lost threads.

ON approaching the Azores, those weary with the everlasting sameness of the ocean were in a position to appreciate the cry of the mariners who went westward, Land, land. And a beautiful sight of verdure and terraced fields did these islands present. We stopped at Fayal, and then at Angra on the island Terceira, both times after sunset. The structure of the houses reminded one of Southern California, there witness to the Spanish colonization. A foretaste of North Africa and the Orient, for ultimately the style is Moorish, and often enough the towers and citadels on the peaks date from the Moorish occupation. At Angra there was a lone Jew, himself

born of a Catholic mother, who told us of a Jewish cemetery which it was too late to visit. Lisbon, with its white houses emerging into view as we dropped anchor in the Tagus, was beautiful to look upon. From the business section close to the harbor one ascends to the modern residential sections with their gardens and wide avenues, then higher and higher through narrow lanes to the suburbs. The most renowned is the town of Cintra whose beauty was celebrated by Byron in Childe Harold. Just below the Moorish fortification with its ruined mosque nestle the summer villas of the wealthier inhabitants of the capital; most charming by its position and its suggestion of a medieval fortress is the summer palace of the

letters R. F., a species of superpatriotism to the French Republic. Inside the walls were lined with tablets in memory of those who fell in battle during the World War, and it was a prodigious list. The rabbi's name was quite un-French: Fridmann.

The city of Athens was dusty and not free from dirt. As we happened to arrive on the Festival of the Ascension, public buildings, like the University and the National Library, were closed. But the ruins of the Acropolis repaid the effort of the steep climb. No picture can convey the grandiose dimensions of Athena's Temple, the Parthenon. Why, I mused, was fate cruel not to preserve our own Temple at Jerusalem to the same extent so that one could still marvel at the beauty of the Herodian edifice?



The Damascus Gate, Jerusalem

former royal family. Mont' Estoril presents the aspect of a real estate boom: new houses are going up, and a beautiful hotel next to the beach is almost completed. Portugal is a rich agricultural country and wealth is everywhere in evidence. Algiers was picturesque as it emerged dazzlingly white in its succession of terraces suspended from the mountain. The native Arab quarters consisted of a congeries of houses cut through by narrow alleys. It meant descending many steps to get down to the open square below, and there stood the principal synagogue. The Jewish quarter was contiguous. As to the synagogue, it was surmounted on the top by the two

the kings of Judah were wont to place their sepulchres close to the Temple. Of course, not in the Temple itself, but apparently not far from it, and the ultra-strict prophet objected to this invasion of the sacred area. We were fortunate to be able to spend Shabuoth in the city, that is in the suburb Pera. Not far from the pretentious building which houses the United States Embassy, at the head of a narrow alley dwells the Chief Rabbi of Turkey. I had difficulty in making myself understood by the attendant who spoke nothing but Turkish. As a matter of fact, the hotel porter in directing me to this place spoke of a synagogue. But there was no syna-

gogue in evidence. Two young boys nearby whom I addressed in Hebrew gave no sign of understanding me. But two young Jews who came from one of the adjacent houses proved my salvation. They spoke Yiddish, and that, it seems, is the universal language of the Jew. These men were from Russia, and they were waiting for their turn to come to America. There were many more like them. The lads, my would-be interlocutors, they told me, spoke Russian and Yiddish. It was too bad I did not try them out on the latter. However, with the aid of a third Jew who spoke Turkish, the attendant was prevailed upon to announce me, and after a while I was conducted up-stairs.

The Chief Rabbi was quite amiable. He speaks seven or eight languages. He had formerly been rabbi at Bucharest. He alluded to the economic conditions which were not favorable. I gathered that his own savings had been reduced materially through the falling of the franc. There were all sorts of difficulties in the new political conditions, but he was hopeful that they would be overcome. The venerable rabbi has his Minyan at his house, but on the eve of the festival he preached to a thousand people at the synagogue called "Keneseth Israel." While the service was Sephardic, there seemed to be a lack of decorum. Just before the close of the Musaph, the talith was removed, and everybody made ready to leave, while the hazzan was winding up the service.

IT was easy enough to get into Constantinople, but getting out was another matter. I presume the hotel porter could have attended to the police permit to leave had I but known that such was re-

quired. We had had no difficulty in the other ports. As it was, it meant going in person to the district police and then to the bureau of passports in Stamboul. The Turkish police follow the talmudic principle: One day in the year is accounted a full year. Once you have been admitted on a visa, it makes no difference whether you stay a day or a year, you cannot leave without a permit. The inconvenience entailed expenditure of money and loss of time. Things of this kind will hap-

where some years ago there was to be one of those conferences supplementary to the Peace of Versailles), spoke to us of Dr. Gates' work and of the splendid institution he presides over. As it was, we saw the buildings perched up on shore as our motor boat took us past.

II.

THERE was much more that was fascinating in Constantinople.

But time was limited. Yet we spent an hour or so in the Ottoman Museum of Antiquities. Its chief glory is the collection from Zidon which should never have left Syria. There was the sarcophagus of King Tibnath, and I re-read the inscription which only last winter I had interpreted to my students. The mummy is exhibited separately. Then a multitude of other sarcophagi. From Gaza came the colossal and hideous figure of Zeus, called by the natives Mararna, our Lord. A large mosaic from a Roman house in Jerusalem brought us nearer home to Palestine. We found likewise the original of the Siloam inscription in which the Old Hebrew script narrates the meeting of the two companies of tunnel cutters as they heard the sound of

the pickaxes through the rock. Then the Greek inscription from the Herodian Temple which warned Gentiles not to trespass beyond the enclosure under pain of death. These two monuments the Jerusalemites rightly claim as theirs and should be returned to them. Since the advent of the British, the spoilage of antiquities is prevented by law. Excavators from abroad retain only half of their finds, the other half goes to the Palestine Museum.

(Continued on Page 44)



A Street in Jerusalem

pen to "Innocents Abroad." However, the ship waited for us, and we met it at the northern end of the Bosphorus clear at the entrance to the Black Sea. So we had our trip up the Bosphorus anyway, though we were cheated out of visiting Roberts College and presenting my letter of introduction to Dr. Gates. But the day before a kindly Englishman, an Oxford graduate doing tutoring in Constantinople, who sat near us on the boat from the Island of Prinkipo (a delightful spot

Another Famous Victory

By Lee J. Levinger

EVERY time I open a Jewish paper, which (for my sins) is very often, I note another famous victory achieved by my co-religionists. One day it is a women's organization which has induced a cracker manufacturer to eschew lard so that Jews may purchase his famous products. The next week a well-known rabbi has addressed the Bible class of a Christian church—whose pastor probably preached next week on his monthly theme, "The Jewish Murderers of Christ." Recently it was a group of rabbis in Galicia who issued a pronunciamento against immodest costumes worn by Jewish girls, which, they stoutly maintained are "the cause of all the troubles of Israel." And not so long ago there was a thrilling announcement from a western city that the refreshment booths in the city parks will henceforth purvey kosher corned beef sandwiches beside their well-known ones of ham, so that the hungry sons of Israel may eat and be blessed, as well as the goyim.

So many famous victories! So few that amount to anything!

Most of our victories are too easy and too cheap. They are won without sacrifice and they accomplish nothing. Some of them are even useful on a small scale and in a trivial way. They are worth neither a boast nor a sneer. It is certainly not objectionable that pious Jews should have kosher food in public places as in private ones, or that the daughters of Zion should wear long skirts, even against the manner of Paris, and even though the Pope has decreed in similar words for the daughters of Rome. But fashions change, alas, and long skirts will be in style again some day. The hungry Israelite in many cities carries lunch for himself and his brood in a shoe box, and in others is satisfied with sandwiches of cheese. Neither will assuage the age-old Judenschmerz or return the captivity of Zion. Even the rabbi's address to Christians on the Hebrew prophets or the geography of Palestine will make only a

very little for fairness and understanding between peoples. A petty skirmish, a mere patrol for reconnaissance, we hail it as a famous victory.

FOR one thing, individuals and organizations love to boast of their great achievements. Every madame president must have some victory in her annual report; every committee chairman must distinguish himself in the eyes of his organization. And the lodge or sisterhood or national body of Jewry must glorify itself before the entire community if it is to enjoy prosperity, to attract membership, to pamper and develop its corporate self.

And so one keeps up an old people's home with three inmates, and another finds an orphan asylum at a time when family care is becoming acknowledged everywhere as the preferable method of caring for children, and in an area where enough asylum space is already available. One group furthers lectures on the same platform by Jews and Christians who are liberals and would be friendly anyway; while another invites William Jennings Bryan to speak against evolution, admires him when he puts on a skull cap in deference to the orthodox Jews present, and accepts his most Fundamentalist doctrine in return for the courtesy.

A great building doing social work in a crowded Jewish district estimates its famous victories by the hundreds of thousands who enter its doors in a year; another, with a limited clientele, is able to boast of the low cost per hour of personal service rendered in its gymnasium and clubs. We must make reports, and they must look attractive to our members, and to the public who read them in the Jewish press, so we must manufacture victories in one way or another, and glorify our organizations and ourselves.

And there are causes in human nature which are more universal still. It is natural to be optimistic, to hope so firmly for the best that we convince ourselves of it. It is human nature to believe what we want to believe, to see what we want to see, and to refuse either to see or to believe that which is disagreeable to us. Hence the petty victories which hide terrible defeats, the little triumphs of our souls which conceal the gaping scars behind.

Sometimes, in fact, we do not fully realize which is great and which is small. We lack a sense of proportion. We let the house burn while we rescue the family portraits, or we let the child drown while we save its coat from the water. Constantly we find ourselves emphasizing what is trivial and forgetting the important issues. Most political campaigns are influenced by

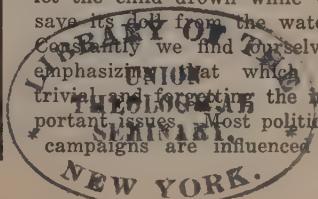
Judea's Prayer

BY EMANUEL G. FRANK

God of our Fathers, lend Thine aid,
Lend courage that we may withstand
The shafts of malice, barbed with hate,
That seek our woe in every land,
Yea—lend once more Thy mighty strength,
Nor for our errors hide Thy face,
The menace of a thousand years
Assails again Thine ancient race.
The menace that our blindness thought
Man's fuller light and knowledge slew,
Now grim and deadly, rears its head
God—grant us strength to fight anew.

Nor ask we Lord the battle aid,
Thou gavest in an ancient day,
The strength to wield a victor's sword
A nation's destiny to sway.
For strength of soul alone we plead
That in our eyes all men may see
The dauntless spirit born of faith,
The courage wrought from trust in Thee.
Strength—strength we pray to cleave unto
The laws Thy Word would bid us heed,
Truth—Honor—Justice—Mercy—Love
Yea Service for each sacred need.

God of our Fathers—hear our prayer;
Stretch forth Thine hand—Incline Thine ear,
Erect, uplifted with such strength
Thine ancient people have no fear,
Yea—though the venomous arrows fall,
Though every turn be menace—fraught
Their shafts will shatter on our shields
Their fiercest onslaughts come to naught.
And when within a newer dawn
The Book of Truth shall be unsealed,
Before the nations of the earth
Thy children—Lord—will stand revealed.



clever slogans, or personal likes and dislikes, as much as by the issues on which the parties are contending. Many an automobile is bought for the cushions and paint rather than the engine. Many a wife or husband is chosen for a pretty face or a full purse rather than qualities of mind and character.

THIS lack of proportion combines with our stubborn resolution to live in a happy world. We shut our eyes to everything unpleasant, then, and open them to everything soothing. The man who criticizes social conditions is a calamity howler, or a pessimist, or is even blamed as the originator of the evils he simply had vision enough to see. What matter if the evil we deny is great and glaring, or that the good with which we counterbalance it is trivial in comparison? We will be cheerful, though the heavens fall. We insist on being cheerful, though the world be devastated by war, though half the human race suffer from abject poverty, though bigotry stalk the land in a nightshirt, and a horde of illiterates make our democracy a sham. At such a time we will abolish a billboard or a cigarette or a street noise and save the world. Or, in the Jewish sphere, what matter though synagogues be deserted, or Jewish education reach a quarter of our Jewish children, or the Jews be banned from the universities of eastern Europe, the Jewish refugee from the hospitable shores of free America? We will make a speech, or form a committee, or change the lining of a sandwich, and thereby save Jewry. There is no Jewish problem—we have won an epoch-making victory. If we were content to do day labor in the vineyard of the Lord, our results would not be disproportionate to our efforts. But when we magnify petty victories and ignore great and terrible perils, we are undermining the very security on which we set so great a store.

We manufacture daily huge quantities of false security. That means blindness, sleep-walking, a world of dreams rather than of daylight and the use of our good eyes. Everyone knows that the worst mistake a general could make in warfare is to underestimate the numbers or skill of his enemies. He may gain a day of quiet, of false security, in exchange for ultimate and complete defeat. The physician who comforts his patients with pleasant assurances that they are in no danger may lead them directly to their death, while the very unpleasant practitioner who makes you stay in bed, or puts the stinging iodine into a tender wound, or insists on an

immediate operation, may work a cure. Of course, some people prefer the consolations of Christian Science. During the war a favorite practice of many editors was to boast how many of any other nation an American can lick, man to man. False security leads to disaster. If the facts indicate that we are sound in body, it is well to know it. If they indicate disease, it is far better to know than to evade or deny. But have you ever known a person who would not use the name of his illness, as if there were black magic in the word, and refraining from its use would somehow save him from the thing itself? Or have you ever met the man or woman who denied the facts laboriously gathered by experts, merely because they had an unpleasant sound, and therefore could not possibly be true? Or the one who is so comfortable she refuses to believe that other people are ever in misery? Or the millionaire who tells you about the worries and responsibilities of the rich, and that you are really happier than he—but never offers to exchange? In the heart of him, he knows that poverty has its disagreeable side, but he insists on seeing nothing but happiness in the world in order that he can feel comfortable. Perhaps he was the same millionaire who asked the starving beggar to go and die on another street, because his sufferings were entirely too touching.

WITH this attitude, it is easy for us all to achieve victories. Our personal triumphs are entirely too many and too easy, considering the actual lives we live, the results that we accomplish. If we cannot overcome our bad habits, we deny that we have them, or call them good habits; and we triumph over some temptation which is not so very attractive, after all. Then we have a victory to advertise among our friends. If we cannot make the friends we most desire, the people most worth while, whose companionship would stimulate and elevate us, we are satisfied to be popular with a cheaper circle, who are always ready to take in anyone. If the problems and difficulties of our life work are too great to be solved without years of toil and struggle, we win a small and easy triumph to satisfy our egotism, and too often stop there.

The problems which the human race is solving and of which we boast immoderately are the easier ones, after all. Mankind is solving the difficulties of his environment. We are winning victory after victory over the forces of the sea, the air, and the soil, over the insect hosts, and the forces of electricity. Aviators travel around the

earth, and the difficulties they encounter today will be overcome tomorrow. But these are the easy problems of humanity, these that may be counted and measured and resolved into mathematical terms. And we boast of these, ignoring the greater and more difficult problems which we are not overcoming and by which we may at last be destroyed, the problems of human nature. Why the World War? Why crooked politics? Why crime, or vice, or poverty, or ignorance? Such questions as these lie in the nature of the individual man or in the nature of human groups,—families or cities or nations. The radio is a child's toy compared with the peace of nations. And these problems of government and of human nature are daily growing more complicated and more difficult. Civilization is harder to live in than savagery; it demands more education of each person, more, and better government of the whole. The savage is a man at the age of twelve, and can hunt, fish and marry. The business or professional man in our society must wait two or three times as long before he is ready for an assured place in the world and for a home of his own. The calm chieftain, like the Judge of ancient Israel, is leader in war, judge in peace, governor and lawmaker as well. Today we have military and civil departments, and the latter is further subdivided into the many functions of our government. The problems of our human life are daily growing harder, and we are not daily growing wiser concerning them. No wonder humanity must boast of aeroplane and radio—in order that we may forget the painfully slow progress of the race in its personal and social needs.

I SUPPOSE we Jews are especially prone to this universal human failing. We have had so many major trials, and even today we suffer from so many disabilities. It is no wonder that we hug to us every petty triumph, eager to suck up its drop of the honey of consolation. But some of them seem too petty or too ironical to give us any real comfort at all. I read in this week's Jewish press—I don't quote the paper because in another week it will probably appear in all of them—that the Ku Klux Klan in a certain Southern town assembled to do honor to a Jewish merchant of the community. They assembled in full regalia together with various undisguised citizens, presented him with a basket of roses, and then knelt while a reverend Klansman led in prayer. So another victory was won for toleration! But the boy-cotting, and the political attacks, and the dangerous and un-American bigotry

still go on. The *Menorah Journal* has recently installed a department, "Notes for a Modern History of the Jews," which is full of facts of this nature, given without comment. One Jew becomes bantam weight champion of the world. A Jewish country club celebrates its seventeenth anniversary with appropriate ceremonies. A rabbi addresses the Association of Insurance Underwriters on "A New Vision of Insurance." The New York State Federation of Temple Sisterhoods announced a hundred objects, ranging all the way from vital to trivial,—including membership dances, memorial tablets for members' Yahrzeits, distributing Passover relief, and raising money by the sale of their personal handiwork. No, there is nothing wrong about this—of course, not. But neither is there a victory, a solution for the ills of Jewry, a spirit of devotion, idealism, immolation, to save us in this latter day. It is as though Moses had requested of Pharaoh, respectfully, that the Israelites be given Sabbath

mornings off for services and a sermon. Their labor might have been lightened a little, but they would have remained slaves in Egypt; they would never have stood before Sinai nor built the Temple in Jerusalem. Moses saw the great issues of the time and faced them until they were solved. It is not exaggeration if we admit at once that our generation could use a Moses, but has none.

For the big problems of our Jewish life loom up clear enough that anyone can see them who is not self-blinded by his own optimism. There is the persecution complex of the Jew, his inability to see himself or the non-Jew apart from the dreadful fear of *rishus*. This fear makes us weak before our enemies, cringing and disagreeable with our friends, unable to live simply and sincerely with either. There is the lack of Jewish education for Jewish children, by which our people seems doomed to lose half of each growing generation as it reaches manhood and

womanhood, ignorant of the traditions, the loyalties, the sorrows and triumphs of the Jewish past. There is our inability to face the world or ourselves fearlessly and honestly, without prejudice or terror. Not to mention the attitude of the outside world toward us, about which we can do so very little.

But all these great and real dangers which beset the Jewish people day by day are forgotten, while we lay the flattering unction to our souls that we are accomplishing great things, winning one famous victory after another. Fewer victories and greater ones are the need of the hour. Slow, patient labor at the foundation-stones, on which in many years others may rear a gigantic structure. More sacrifice, less boasting; more work and less talk. Above all, honesty, not to exaggerate the petty victories nor evade the truths which are so terrible, but to see ourselves as we are in the world in which we really live.

The Nordic Conquest of North America

By Lucius Solomons

THIS high-sounding headline smacks of mediaeval romanticism, but it has no reference to the Norman conquest of England, nor any northern or near-northern invasion of the historic past. The Nordic dynasty is quite modern—its lineage vulgarly parvenu—in fact a 20th century conception and creation. Dating from today, and *sui generis*, it scorns joint proprietorship, political partnership or entangling alliance with either Angles, Saxons, Gaels or Celts. Nevertheless the term may be classed as souvenir coinage, for it faintly recalls some legendary tribal uprising of ancient days, when the Nordic came down, so to speak, like a wolf on the fold. The word "Nordic" is not found in the Century Dictionary; nor does any encyclopedia disclose a race or family group under this or similar designation. Likewise no standard work on biology, ethnology or anthropology gives it the doubtful dignity of a cross-reference, or even spurns it with a footnote. Still we are confronted with the irresistible Q. E. D. that the Nordics are the recrudescence of a lost tribe, who have heretofore hidden their patrician light under a plebian bushel, and are now belatedly coming into their own.

So, naturally, you ask wherefore

Nordic; and if Nordic then why not Sudic also? Is Nordic any more Yontovtik than Eastic or Westic? What new *Schulchan Aruch* makes Nordic a fleischig diet and all others milchig? These are questions that our national legislators of the restrictionist variety disdain to answer. There may be concealed in the recesses of their crania a glimmering notion of what's the big idea, but it is a state secret, and they have sworn on a Nordic Bible not to reveal it. We are permitted to guess, however, that the chemical atoms composing the corpuscles of Nordic anatomy will, in the national blood-count, register the required number of red cells for 100% Americanism. Non-Nordic blood, on the other hand, is but another name for pernicious civic anaemia.

To begin with, they divide all Europe, like all Gaul, into three parts, Nordic, Alpine and Mediterranean; and these rank in the order named as first, second and third rate civilizations. But, unlike all Gaul, the division is not wholly geographic. The Nordic and Mediterranean alone have reference to the points of the compass. The Alpine stretches in an imaginary line all the way from Northeastern Russia to Southwestern France, a sort of oblique moral obliquity—a diagonal deuce-spot

on Dame Europe's fair face and fragile, though flawless, Nordic bosom. This Alpine dirt-streak, however, is not as black as the despised Mediterranean; in fact it is only a smear or smudge, but none the less a blot on the ethnological landscape.

THESE three distinct (I had almost said extinct) historic groups are easily identified by their complexion and eyes; the Nordic being pure blonde, the Alpine a demi and the Mediterranean a brunette—his heart even brunetter than his face; i. e. if we are to believe all the scandal these Nordic archeologists are digging up from the bowels of the ancient earth with which to bespatter their Southern neighbors. The countries from which Jewish immigration mainly moves are Alpine; so here, as in all world problems, we are still the middleman—the parasitic, blood-sucking middleman, I suppose, who stands as a toll-gatherer between the two extremes of racial, as he does between the two extremes of economic, European life.

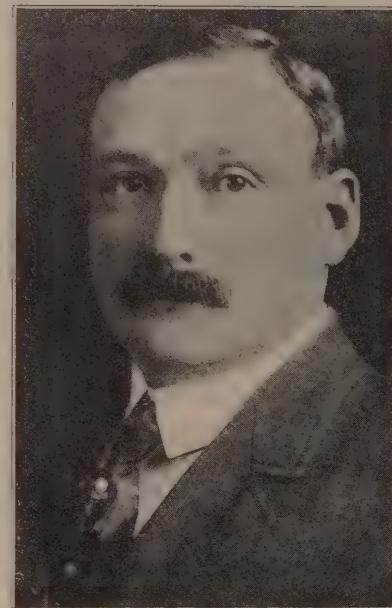
I have said that the Nordic germ is of present day origin and growth. It is worse than that. It is purely a Yankee invention. The Nordic conquerors of today are staging a subjugation of their own country. In

other words, the Dutch have taken Holland. The Old World will be much relieved to learn that the American Nordics have no sinister designs on the peace and security of that already afflicted continent; except, of course, to conserve such measures as are purely preventive of unassimilable—their definition of undesirable immigration. But these native conquistadors of their base-born compatriots have not originated anything in race antipathy or class snobbery. This latest fad is but a new symptom of a very old brain disease. The A. P. A. of atrocious memory, under one of its many disguises, has formulated a somewhat different method of attack. For more than a century now a self-created American Anglo-Saxon aristocracy has been parading full-panoplied. Revolutionary sires and Colonial dames have strutted *ad nauseam*. Mayflower descendants, F. F. V.'s, all the hosts of heraldry, have sat for their ancestral portraits, with New England saints and Dutch angels in Knickerbockers stationed on the right and left of the Almighty. But now, deeply stirred by repeated assaults made upon the purity of their emblazoned coat-of-arms, some unknown admirer has stretched the same into a sort of over-coat-of-arms; and legs as well; and these attenuated limbs or tentacles have become bone-knitted to the bodies politic of specially selected foreign stock. The imported *haute noblesse* comprises the Scandinavian countries, Great Britain, Holland, a small portion of Belgium, immortalized in world-war sentiment as "Flanders Fields," a tiny bit of Northern France, a larger slice of Northern Germany, and those parts of Northwestern Russia which once belonged respectively, but not at all respectably to Germany and Sweden. The generic name Nordic, fresh from the new baptismal font, with more apology than anthropology, now delights the ear and falls trippingly on the tongue. So you here behold the new Entente Allies, armed and accoutered for the most peaceful race-war in history; their slogan being "make the world safe for Nordiocracy."

THUS do these, the salt of the European earth, read their title clear to mansions in the skies. But stop; that title is drenched through a munitum which they have dedicated to public use as the Racial Map of Europe. Mop would be the truer term; for, when we study its complicated analysis, we are reminded of what Mark Twain says of the German grammar. After spending hours mastering the intricacies of the regular conjugations, you turn a page, and behold a million exceptions to

every rule. So here, when we come to the end of the scholarly race-makers' dissertation, we are shocked but delighted to learn that the only pure Nordic strain is found in the Swede. He alone is 100% Nordic; hence at least 110% American. Hurrah for the square-head nobility of Europe. Skoal to the Northland, skoal! Old Ole Olesen was a merry old soulson; and, carrying Mother Goose right down to date, we come naturally through gracelessly to little Allie Yonson and his Immigration Billson.

The remaining post-historic blue-bloods of the Nordic world are only black-and-blue bloods, after all; their



Lucius Solomons

delicate arteries transfusing a dash of Mediterranean blue-thin, light and watery. Also the royal purple of their kingly race is sadly streaked with Alpine indigo; and coarsely infected with the rainbow sunsets of Lake Geneva skies. Perfidious Albion, as her erstwhile allies still delight to call her, is not even pure in perfidy. Sad to record, the British Lion is anything but a thoroughbred. Bulwer-Lytton neglected to consult the racial map of Europe when he shouted, "No mongrels, boy, those island mastiffs!" Those mastiffs have a mongrel mixture of 20%. The canny Scot is uncanny with 15% ditto. Lloyd George and his Welsh ancestors have bowed their heads in shame for generations under a biologic bar-sinister;—some remote chieftain having committed tribal adulteration with a déclassé Mediterranean to the fahrenheit of 60%. And, horror of horrors, our genial

Irish friends princes among the foreign element, kings of Castle Garden and dukes of Ellis Island, living among us while ruling over us, whether as policemen or presidents—behold, when the mask of hypocrisy is torn from their Milesian countenances, they stand revealed in all their shrinking nakedness, hideous Hibernian hybrids—a bare 30% royal blood of Brian Boru and a full 70% of vile-tasting Mediterranean dope. But, then, the Know-Nothing party of today, like its illustrious namesake of the 19th Century, doesn't like the "Pope's Irish;" so it credits them in the biologic Bradstreet with the lowest Nordic rating decency and the historical verities will permit.

I OFFER no excuse for the flippant treatment I am giving a grave subject. Were I to cut out the comedy, I should have to replace it with profanity; for, disguise or disavow it, as they may; discredit or ignore it, as we will, here is a bold, apparently scientific and bogusly sympathetic plan to found a future American race upon this continent. Our cherished allegoric melting-pot is to be sent to the allegoric ash-heap. A selective draft of European nationals, believed to be blendable with what is frankly termed Colonial Anglo-Saxon stock, and designated by the conveniently comprehensive term "Nordic," is to be the immigration de luxe, the naturalized Burke's Peerage of the new America; picked by pretended territorial, but in reality political measurements. In a word it is the national traits of the prospective immigrants, their political environment at home, and their potential assimilation with American institutions, that prompts the selection. This would be right and beyond criticism, if applied to individuals; but, when applied to national groups as a whole, it is discrimination, unjust, un-American, inhuman; and, when operating upon newly classified racial subdivisions—differentiated by characteristics wholly traditional and often fanciful—it deserves all of that denunciation, and is rankly dishonest besides. For it is a sly, insidious process, not of selection, but of *elimination*; a wholesale rejection of the human product of centuries whose present political destiny does not happen to find favor with our proud restrictionists. It is an insolent and ungrateful disregard of the priceless contributions already made to American civilization, to the body politic of this liberty-loving land of ours, by immigration from the very countries now secretly sought to be banned. Under this flagrant departure from

American ideals and descendants of Lafayette, Rochambeau and De Grasse, Kosciusko, Count Pulaski, Baron de Kalb, all that noble array of Alpine and Mediterranean personages, who, a century and a half ago, helped to free this Republic-in-embryo from its blood-brother Nordic oppressors, and to bring forth "upon this continent a new nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to the Lincoln superstition, 'that all men are created equal,'" would be repudiated—possibly deported—because, forsooth, they could not measure up to current racial standards. The Count Pulaski would be shy in his blood count. Baron de Kalb would be barren of Class A congenital units; and those old seadogs, Admirals Rochambeau and De Grasse, though nautically sound, would be Nordically deficient; their 20th century blood-vessels on a par with their 18th century war vessels, no longer seaworthy and not yet land-worthy. And can you visualize some future General Pershing paraphrasing his famous salutation "Lafayette, we are here; yes we are here, but you stay there!" Columbus himself wouldn't have a look-in at discovering the country. What says the poet in "Westward Ho!"

*"It grew; a starlight flag unfurled;
It grew to be Time's burst of Dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its noblest lesson—on, sail on!"*

But today the beckoning finger of the Statue of Liberty, which points outward and not in, would shake its three big-knuckle-joints at him, as who should say: "Avaunt, you white-livered Mediterranean, you can't discover us!" But ah! the adventurous mediaeval Norsemen, eighteen-caret racially pure and coruscated at par, who, a century or two earlier than Dago Chris, stumbled on this western world and promptly stumbled off again; found a new continent but temporarily mislaid it, will now be given a chance to find it and to found it all over again. America wants the distinction of having been discovered by a Nordic.

ALL this may sound rather far-fetched; and it is. But our restrictionist friends are frankly disingenuous in their recent successful advocacy of an 1890 basis, replacing the 1910, for their 2% limitation; which I have no doubt will ultimately be reduced to the normal prohibition rate of one-half of one per cent, like Volstead beer. Prior to 1890 the great tide of Scandinavian immigration set in, and reached its climax that year. From Ireland the flow began in the mid-Victorian era. From Germany it followed the revolution of 1848; and from both Germany and France it came rapidly

after the Franco-Prussian War. So that the immigration records of 1890 show the Nordic countries (so-called now) vastly predominating; the Alpine far below, and the Mediterranean smallest of all; whereas twenty years later in 1910 the order was precisely reversed, the dreaded Mediterranean being high in the lead. The Italian steamship lines were not established on a large scale until late in the nineties, so that the exodus from Italy, Greece, the Levantine Coast and the Near East came later. There is much to be said in comment of the low class of some of this southeastern immigration; but the literacy test and the safeguards against crime and pauperism were of later origin; and the physical requirements were in a loose and difficult state of enforcement. The easy remedy for these and all other immigration evils is to apply those safeguards exclusively to individuals (preferably at embarkation) and not to groups of either nationals or racials. But this would not suit the foes of immigration.

Right here is where we Jews are possibly justified in dealing with the present agitation as it affects our supposed racial status, and apart from our concern as citizens.

Jewish immigration on a large scale did not begin until 1891, but increased enormously up to the outbreak of the World War. Under the law which operated up to the month of June, 1924, based as it was on the statistics of 1910, Jewish immigration had a decided advantage; for it proceeds now from Poland, Russia, Austria, Hungary and Roumania—countries from which migration of all classes, Jewish and non-Jewish, was at its height in 1910, and from which non-Jewish emigration is practically negligible today. Reversion to an 1890 basis, however, in one fell swoop almost totally disqualifies prospective Jewish immigration, because the latter has now virtually ceased from Northern and Western Europe (Nordic countries) which monopolized 75% of the influx of 1890.

NOW the cynical among American Jewry (and I am not yet prepared to join them) insist that this Nordic nonsense is pure camouflage; that it is projected solely at Jewish immigration, and the old political trick of the dragnet used as a roundabout method to ensnare the undesirable immigrant. In that category, sad to say, the Jew ranks high, mainly because he is the object of foolish economic fears. If he cannot be completely excluded by the 1890 basis of percentages, then, it is said, the attempt will be made to accomplish the purpose by

the European racial method; and, that failing, then by the direct Asiatic method. Either way out—or in—is found in future Congressional legislation substituting racial for national classification. This is the line of alarmist argument:—They say the most radical super-American, while opposed to any sort of immigration, accepts the inevitable without playing favorites; and with some few exceptions, regards all foreigners as equally undesirable. What bestirs him to action is the so-called Asiatic evil—the bugaboo scared up by such distress signals as "The Yellow Peril," "The Rising Tide of Color," "The Mongolian Menace," etc.

Superficially it seems incredible that the Jewish race (and I am using the word solely because both the hostile and the uneducated insist we are a race and not a sect) can be included in this impending Oriental plague. But let us see. This Nordic mapmaker has attached to his chart of "Racial Realities of Europe" the following innocent but interesting (and slightly ominous) explanatory note:

"Mongols, Huns, Tartars, Turks, Gypsies and Jews (the italics of course are mine) are classed as Asiatic elements."

You will observe in what delightful company we are placed. You will also notice that Syrians and Armenians are missing from the list. That is because they have never as yet invaded Europe. Their turn to be charted, tagged and numbered in the Anglo-Nordic Survey of the New Civilization will come later; and we Jews may or may not be lumped or dumped in with them. But all shades of anti-Semites have already roped and branded us as the only people among European groups who will not merge into or be submerged by what they define as Occidental civilization; and on that specious plea they rank us with Orientals.

SHOULD the plans of the ultra-restrictionists contemplate an eventual adoption by Congress of this European racial map as a basis for the apportionment of future immigration; and should the allotments range through territorial areas on the descending scale of "historical" race subdivisions, it would mean (as affects us) that Jewish immigration would fall into the Alpine class, and suffer a decided disadvantage as against the Nordic,—but possibly a corresponding gain over the Mediterranean. But if still more radical measures should prevail, and the Nordic obsession reach its explosive climax, resulting in a wholly new

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Silbermann

By Jacques de Lacretele

The first installment of the novel which won the Femina-Vie Hereuse prize and placed the author in the front rank of modern French writers.

Translated from the French by Brian Lunn

CHAPTER I.

PROMOTION to the third form took one into the upper school.

This occupied one half of the building and was the exact counterpart of the other half where I had spent the last four years. The same square with a few trees in it, surrounded by a high, covered gallery, opened out at one place to form a courtyard; the form rooms were arranged in the same way right along the gallery, and on the walls between the windows were similar casts of antique bas-reliefs.

That October morning of the new term was, however, the first time that I had ever actually set foot in that yard; things looked new to me, and I gazed about with curiosity. The newly painted doors and window frames caused me a vague sense of regret for the end of my independence. Their red chestnut colour reminded me of the berries which, only the day before, I had gathered at Aiguesbelles, near Nîmes, in the garden of our old Provençal estate. We had been spending our holidays there with my grandparents as we did each year and had stayed there until the evening of the last Sunday, because my mother was very fond of these days of ceremony and leisure, which reminded her of the maiden pleasures of her youth. The absence of my father, who used to go back to Paris at the beginning of September, left her free to spend the day in the same way as of old. In the morning we used to go to church with my grandparents; as we came back my mother never failed to pick the finest and warmest fig from an old fig tree, whose gnarled roots were twined about the flagstones of the terrace; having split its pink granular flesh into four parts, she used to hand it to me and watch me eat it, looking to see whether my eyes showed that I enjoyed the fruit of this tree as much as she had enjoyed it at my age.

But in the square in which I now was, and in spite of the slight apprehension at the idea of the renewed restrictions of school, my feelings were dissipated by a joyful feeling of impatience. I was going to see Philippe Robin, my friend.

He was not there yet, because the

pupils of the Catholic institution where he was a half-boarder used to arrive at the *lycée* only just in time for the beginning of the class. While waiting for him, in the general bustle which I had not been used to for the last two months, I had shaken hands with a few people and exchanged a few words, but quite casually and in a non-committal sort of way, carefully reserving any display of real feeling for Philippe. Indeed, many of the faces with which I was surrounded were unknown to me, and others were only half familiar, and without being associated with any definite name suggested only the vague ideas that I had formed of them in the previous years, in the course of our daily comings and goings.

At last the Xaverians came up. At the head of them were *de Montclar* and *de La Béchelliére*—our masters always put in the prefix. Both of them had been in the Fourth with me. The first of them, who was medium-sized and sturdy, and had vigorous features, had the arrogant expression that he always assumed when coming to school. He cast contemptuous glances about him and made derisive remarks to his companion. The other was tall, had a long neck, and looked arrogant too; but he was narrow-chested and undeveloped and his mincing manner was affected; if one put a question to him his colourless face simply assumed a blank expression. At last I caught sight of Philippe running towards me.

How he had changed! I could not restrain an exclamation when I saw him close. His complexion was bronzed; there was a yellow down on his cheeks, and when he laughed, deep dimples formed which afterwards left little lines on his skin.

"Well," he said proudly, "I have got splendidly sunburnt. . . . It was at Arcachon, where I passed the month of September with my Uncle Marc, as I told you in my letter. . . . All day long we were either fishing or shooting sea-fowl. Sometimes we started off at four in the morning and came back at night. . . . And no easy sport, my boy, shooting curlew. . . . There's no bird more cunning or more difficult to shoot. My uncle said so. He only killed four during the season, although

he always wins prizes at pigeon shooting."

I had never handled a gun myself, as the sport had no attraction for me. I knew Philippe's uncle slightly; he was about thirty, athletic, with a big red moustache and a fierce handgrip.

Philippe paused and asked me casually, "Well, you came back yesterday; did you enjoy your holidays?"

"I love Aiguesbelles," I said. "I like it better every year."

"And I never had as good a time as during these two months, especially at Arcachon."

He went on with his stories. He told me an incident of a boat that had upset and described the sailing regattas in which he had taken part. But he was just talking on in an off-hand way without paying any personal attention to me, and it reminded me of the acute disappointment I had experienced as a child one day, when a friend whom I had gone to see played quite alone while I was there, throwing a ball very high in the air and catching it. While Philippe was talking about his careless, happy life, in which I had had no part, in which everything was strange to me, his face flushed quite red with pleasure. I was so annoyed at seeing his excitement, which was proof to me of his utter faithlessness, that I turned away my head. As I looked down on the gravel of the courtyard, I sadly recalled that for two weeks I had been thinking of the joy of the moment when I should meet him again. Now I had a presentiment that we were no longer going to be friends.

The drum went and we lined up.

"At Houlgate, during August," he continued in a lower voice, "I played a lot of tennis, but it was not pleasant there, because"—he assumed an expression of disgust—"there were too many Jews. On the front, in the Casino and everywhere, you met nothing but Jews. . . . Uncle Marc did not want to stay there even three days. . . . That fellow was there—his name's Silbermann."

As he said this he pointed out to me a boy who was standing at the class-room door at the end of the row, and whom I did not remember having

seen the year before in any division of the Fourth. He was short and unimpressive. His face, which I could see well because he was turning round and talking to those standing near him, was clear-cut but rather ugly, with prominent cheekbones and a pointed chin. His complexion was pale and yellowish, his eyes and eyebrows were dark; his lips were fleshy and fresh. He had very quick gestures which arrested attention. He spoke to his neighbours with a mimicry which one could not but follow, and his pupils seemed to dart from one to the other. The general effect was one of a strange precocity. He reminded me of the infant prodigies that do turns in the circus, and I found it difficult to take my eyes off him.

We went into the form room.

The Saint-Xavier boys, about ten, formed a group as usual; I stood in front of Philippe Robin. As soon as he came in, Silbermann had run up to the foot of the master's desk with an air of triumph. Our master was a man of about forty, with a cold, penetrating glance and precise movements. He submitted each of us to a kind of examination, taking notes of our answers. We gathered that Silbermann had skipped a form. This was an unusual fact which required explanation.

"I was a whole year behind," he said, "and I must make up for it. I was high up in the Fifth."

"I do not think that you will be able to follow the course."

"I won three prizes last year," he answered firmly.

"That's all very well, but you are not as well up as the others in our subjects. The school curriculum is carefully graduated, and anybody who misses a rung in the ladder runs a risk of falling down."

"I worked during the holidays, sir."

During this conversation Silbermann remained standing and spoke in a very humble voice, but in spite of his exemplary attitude, he was so anxious to carry his point that his voice resounded curiously in the form room.

When we went out for the break, somebody came up and said to him, shrugging his shoulders, "Look here, you can't stay here; you must go back to the Fourth."

"Do you think so?" answered Silbermann sarcastically. Then, stretching out his hand emphatically, and with a slight sneer, "You bet I'll be top at least twice before the end of the term."

We had a half-holiday that afternoon. Philippe Robin came to see

me. My parents thought him charming, and my father commented on his assured manner and my mother on his courtesy as an example for me. They had greatly encouraged our friendship. The first time that I mentioned him at home, my mother had asked me if he did not live in the Avenue Hoche, and when I said he did, she had said with awe: "Then he must be the son of the notary, a very well-known family and a big name in the Paris bourgeoisie. The Robins have been in practice for about a hundred years." She asked me to invite him to the house. I know why. Since her marriage, my mother's sole interest in life had been her husband's career. With marvellous patience she had followed up anything which could add security or dignity to my father's position. She was certainly not thinking of slackening her efforts, for my father, who was a Paris magistrate, was, she said, only halfway up the ladder; but I was growing up and she was preparing to make the same efforts for me, like a good old horse that only knows its one job. She often spoke to me about my future, explained the different professions to me, their advantages and their openings. When we touched upon the darker and cruder aspects, she would keep up my enthusiasm, as in the dark corners of a smithy, by blowing the bellows, wielding the hammer and striking the anvil. Her most lively horror was aroused by seeing people who did not work. She pronounced the word "idle" in such a way as to put anyone to whom she applied it quite outside the pale. Her list of engagements indicated the nature of her activities. They were covered with annotations and lay open on the table like a Bible. If one had gathered together and had read all these pages collected during twenty years, one would have discovered the nature of the work in which her life was passed. These memoranda of futile social activities, of visits and various charitable occupations, constituted a record of a mysterious and extensive subterranean network, the whole aim and object of which was to assist my father. In the cunning windings of this ant-heap there was no passage that was not carefully looked after. Her efforts had certainly been characterized by a tenacious industry. The addresses crossed out in her visiting-book were not only those of people who had died but also of those drawing-rooms which did not lead anywhere, paths into which she had been

misled and which she gave up as soon as she saw her mistake.

I learnt later what it cost her to maintain some of these connections, when I came to understand the meaning of the sighs that I had often heard as she stood in front of the looking-glass, arranging her slightly grey hair or putting a veil over her pale, worn face.

"Oh! that dinner at Cottini's," she would sigh, "that visit to Madame Magnot." The fact being that Cottini, the manager of a big paper, was a notorious *viveur*, and Magnot had, as it was said, lived for several years with his wife before he married her. Now my mother judged morals according to a rigorous and inflexible law.

The result of her experiences was to wish to keep me from any career that was open to intrigue and subject to political influences. For other reasons, such as the uncertainty of success and the lack of discipline, she rejected the liberal professions, or those which depend upon a vocation which is often illusory.

"That is giving one's self over to chance," she used to say. "In these days the wisest thing is to go into some large private office, the head of which one knows. You have to take your turn in promotion, it is true, but there is no risk, and if you are intelligent and conscientious, as you are, you get on quickly while the others are marking time."

So, although she had not been without uneasiness about my going to the splendid house of the Montclars, "those idle people," she was exceedingly pleased about my friendship with Philippe Robin, the notary's son. She had lost no time in getting into touch with my friend's parents; and generally when she came back from seeing them she used to tell me that she met all the best people of professional Paris there.

The friendship between Philippe and myself did not arise from any similarity of nature. Philippe had a decided character. He was a very sociable person and fairly genial. I was not talkative, but rather inclined to be serious, and particularly sensitive to the things of the imagination; but our moral nature especially, if I may use the phrase in speaking of rules governing a brain less than fifteen years old, was dissimilar.

When Philippe felt any acute desire, when he yielded to any temptation, his actions were quite clear. He concealed nothing; he behaved frankly and carelessly, as though he had a comfortable assurance that all faults

could be forgiven. It was not so with me. I was constantly afraid lest any wrong act should make me depart forever from the narrow path which a stern ideal indicated to me. Having heard much in my home of the thunderbolts of the law, I was equally afraid of public opinion. Conscientious scruples and a nervous deference restrained my actions and led me to esteem reserve and moderation above all other qualities. How triumphant I was when, often by dint of clever dissimulation, I felt myself sheltered from any curiosity; how delighted when I succeeded in conquering an unpleasant impulse. So great indeed was my delight at what I considered a healthy exercise that I could scarcely refrain from producing it artificially. Thus I sometimes stealthily permitted myself evil thoughts, and let them develop freely in my imagination, stimulating them with enjoyment, and then with a kind of passion snapping off these unhealthy growths. This gave me a noble feeling of having strengthened my character. In the same way at Aiguesbelles, in the spring, my grandfather used to give instructions that certain vine stocks should not be trimmed, so that when walking through his property he might have the pleasure of applying the pruner himself. He would bend over the dangerously neglected stock, prune and crop with a passionate nicety, and then, as he drew himself up, he would say with pride, "You see, my boy, the best vine is the one which is most carefully pruned."

CHAPTER II.

IN THE English class I was put next Silbermann and was able to study him at leisure. He listened attentively to everything that the master said, and watched him fixedly; he sat motionless with his chin poked forward, his lip hanging, and a curiously strained look on his face; only his Adam's apple protruding from his thin neck moved from time to time. Seen suddenly against the light, his profile looked rather fantastic. It seemed indeed not entirely human, and reminded me of the lizards on the terrace at Aiguesbelles which, at the hottest time of day, come out of every crevice and, with a curious intermittent inflation of the throat, survey the human race.

A good deal of the English hour was spent in practicing conversation, and Silbermann, eagerly holding up his hand, managed to push himself to the front. He spoke English much more easily than any of us. For the

two hours we did not exchange a word. He paid no attention to me except for one glance in which I seemed to read fear. His attitude during the first days was the same towards everybody, but that it rose from suspicion rather than from timidity was evident, for after a time it could be seen that he had taken possession of two or three junior boys without much force of character, whom he used to go up to with an air of command as soon as he caught sight of them, and to these he would talk like a master, loudly and confidently.

During the break he never took any part in games. He seemed contemptuous of strength and agility, and would walk without the least sign of interest right through the rest of the boys as they were playing in groups; but if an argument started it never escaped his notice, and whatever the subject was he would stop immediately, watching for an opportunity to join in. One felt that he was burning to give his views, as though he were possessed of a superabundance of intellectual energy.

Above all, he sought the company of the masters. When the drum went for the short break and we all rushed out of doors, he would often go up to the master's desk in an insinuating way, and having skilfully put a question to him, he would start a conversation. Then he would look at us proudly as, from the height of the platform, he watched us come in. I admired him at these moments, and thought how awkward I should have been in his place.

It was soon obvious not only that Silbermann was capable of remaining in the third form, but that he would probably be near the top of the form. His marks since the beginning of the term had been excellent, and he earned them not only by his knowledge but also by his industry. He seemed blessed with an extraordinary memory, and always repeated his lessons without the slightest mistake. It was a source of amazement to me, for I was only an average boy, and had great difficulty in remembering mine. I felt completely apathetic about my work; to my eyes the very words in school-books looked indescribably drab, and seemed all so alike that I found it difficult to distinguish one from another.

One day, however, the veil was torn away and a new light was thrown on the things I was studying, and this was due to Silbermann.

It was during the French hour. We had prepared the first scene of

Iphigénie. Silbermann, having been put on, stood up and began to recite: *Oui, c'est Agamemnon, c'est ton roi qui t'éveille, Viens, reconnaîs la voix qui frappe ton oreille.*

He did not recite Racine verses in the usual subdued and monotonous way, as a decent boy generally would. Nor did he declaim them with emphasis; his diction remained natural. But his delivery was absolutely assured, and one could distinguish subtleties that owed so little to pedantry that it surprised us all. Some of us smiled, but, personally, I listened to him fixedly, struck by a sudden discovery. These collections of words, which I recognized because I had seen them in print, and had committed them mechanically, bit by bit, to memory—these words formed for the first time an impression in my mind. I began to realize that they were the expression of actualities, that they had a relationship to real life. And as Silbermann went on and I heard the sound of his voice, one idea after another began to germinate in my mind as in a soil which until then had been barren; the scenes from *Iphigénie* began to take form as real scenes, which had not the slightest resemblance to those I had seen at the theatre in painted settings and under an artificial light. I had a vision of an encampment by the shore; the waves, which no winds stirred, creeping gently along the sand, and there among the tents, so silent and dim in the early dawn, two men with careworn brows talking together.

Up to this time I had not believed that such a living and significant conception of a classical tragedy was possible. I should not have been more affected by the stirring of a marble statue. I looked at the person who had worked this miracle for me. Silbermann had passed beyond the set limit of the lesson, and yet he was still reciting. His eyes were sparkling and his lips were slightly moist, as though he had found something succulent.

On hearing some of the boys protesting against Silbermann's excessive zeal, the master stopped him and congratulated him. Silbermann sat down. He was happy; I realized that from the slight quiver of his nostrils. But was not this breath, I asked myself, rather the soul of a mysterious genius who dwelt within him? This idea appealed to my childish imagination, which was still inclined to fantasy, and as I gazed intently at him, almost to the point of fascination, with

his yellow complexion and his black cap of wavy hair, he suggested to my mind a magician of some Oriental tale who held the key to all wonders.

We entered into conversation a few days later, one Sunday morning, in circumstances of which I retain a vivid memory.

I had been to church with my mother, and after coming out I had left her. I always felt a certain exaltation after a religious service, and I found a particular pleasure in venting this exaltation on profane things. I liked to walk alone in the Bois, and, still affected by the solemn vibrating of the organ and stimulated by the joyousness of the anthems, I liked to abandon myself in this state of spiritual intoxication to a completely animal activity; to run, to jump over the bushes, to drink in the scent of the earth and the leaves, to put myself in touch with the living emanations of nature. Then, having raised my eyes by chance to the sky, I would stop, not calmed but as though smitten by love. The sight of a cloud floating in the blue touched my heart and my imagination. Quivering, I would yearn towards the most tender and noble aspirations and would dream of the adventures to which they would inspire me. This dream most often took the form of a friendship in which were mingled, in a confused mystical alliance, intellectual sympathy and the devotion of my entire being.

I was in the throes of this incoherent longing on that morning at Ranelagh, when I saw Silbermann coming towards me. He was alone. He walked with short and hurried steps and frequently moved his head; he seemed full of disturbing thoughts almost as if he were being followed. He saw me from a distance, but he gave no sign, and opened a book which he had in his hand. As he was passing me he raised his eyes hesitatingly to mine and essayed a smile; then, when I replied with a very hearty "Good morning," his expression suddenly changed, and he hastened forward and expressed his pleasure in having met me.

"Do you live near here? Whereabouts?"

He wanted to know the name of the street and the number of the house, questioned me about my home and family, and conducted this cross-examination in such a natural and friendly spirit that I found myself answering him readily, though I was usually reserved.

"Which way are you going?" he added. "May I come along?"

I assented. He showed me his book.

"It's an early edition of Ronsard. I've just bought it," he said, fingering the beautiful binding with his thin, brown fingers.

He opened it and began to read some verses to me. I had the same impression as in class. Read by him, the lines seemed to have been impregnated with something which brought out their full flavour for me. The words took on a new quality; they flattered my senses and roused an unknown emotion, a sort of vibration in my brain.

But what can I say of Silbermann himself, and how describe his face? He read these lines:

*Fauche, garçon, d'une main pilleresse
Le bel émail de la verte saison,
Puis à plein poing enjonche la maison
Des fleurs qu'avril enfante en sa
jeunesse.*

His nostrils dilated as though the smell of hay pricked them, and tears of pleasure filled his eyes.

We had arrived at the corner of a lawn on which stood a statue of La Fontaine. Silbermann pointed to it indignantly: "Can you imagine anything more hideous than this bust with one of the Muses crowning it? And the group of animals—the lion, the fox and the raven—what a banal composition! We seem to have no other method of honouring a great man. And yet other ways exist. Last year I was at Weimar and I went to Goethe's house. It has been preserved intact. Not a single object in his room has been moved since the time of his death. In the town one is shown—and with what reverence—the seat on which he sat, the summer-house in which he used to dream. I tell you such memorials have dignity. But in France one sees nothing of the kind. Some years ago there was a sale at the Château de Saint-Point in Burgundy, where Lamartine lived. Well, my father was actually able to buy numbers of things which had belonged to Lamartine and, as a matter of fact, the purchase of those relics turned out very good business for him."

We were still in front of the statue.

"Are you fond of La Fontaine?" he asked me. And as this question embarrassed me, he went on briskly:

"My dear boy, it's quite simple. La Fontaine is our greatest portrayer of manners. In these fables, which we are taught as children to say like parrots, he has given us a picture of his age. Louis XIV and his court, the bourgeoisie and the peasants of his time—these are what we are in-

tended to recognize behind the various animals. And then, how the story gains in value! How daring it is in its moralizing! That was what Taine realized so thoroughly. . . . Have you read *La Fontaine et ses Fables*?"

I shook my head.

"I'll lend it to you."

I did not answer—I was stunned. This boy who possessed rare books, who made confident distinctions—"This is beautiful. . . . that is not"—who had travelled, read, observed, retained impressions, flung at my mind such a profusion of excellent ideas that I was dumbfounded. I looked at him. That he was superior to all the friends I possessed was evident, and I did not question it; but I came to the further conclusion that neither in my own family nor anywhere in our circle had I come across anyone to compare with him. Such a keen appreciation for the things of the mind, and the experienced way in which he handled them, the skill, with which he brought close to one what seemed beyond one's grasp—these were indeed new qualities to me. And who in my environment could speak so masterfully and at the same time so kindly, in a way that at once impressed and charmed?

He had not stopped speaking, quoting the names of writers and titles of works.

I had an immense respect for everything that concerned literature. I placed certain writers who had aroused my admiration, above the whole of humanity in the likeness of the Olympian deities. Silbermann enlightened me on many points on which I was ignorant, referring easily to one and another. He finally disclosed that his god was "le père Hugo." I listened greedily. But at the same time—whether it was induced by his familiarity, the sound of his voice, or his rather curious colour—I had a sudden vision of a scene which caused me a slight feeling of repugnance. Often, at Aiguesbelles, a fruit-seller, a Spaniard with a sunburnt skin, used to come along the road and stop his cart in front of the house, crying his wares in a strange voice and handling carelessly the lovely scarlet apples, the soft peaches with the bloom on them, and the smooth, glossy plums. Célestine, our cook, did not like this man who, as she said, "came from goodness knows where," and whenever she had had dealings with him she could be heard grumbling as she came in: "It's a shame to see the beautiful fruit touched by those hands."

Silbermann, unaware of my little instinctive movement, went on: "If you are interested in books, you ought to

come and see me one day. I'll show you my library and lend you anything you want."

I thanked him and accepted.

"Well, when will you come?" he said immediately. "Are you free this afternoon?"

I was not. He pressed me further.

"Come and see them next Thursday."

There was something in his insistence that displeased me and put me on the defensive. I answered that we would decide on the day later, and as we had arrived at my parents' house, I held out my hand.

Silbermann took it and held it, and looking at me with an expression of gratitude, said in an infinitely gentle voice: "I am glad, very glad that we have met. . . . I did not think we could be friends."

"But why not?" I asked with genuine surprise.

"At school I always used to see you with Robin, and as he refused to speak a word to me for a month, this summer, I thought that you too . . . Even in the English class, where we are neighbours, I did not dare . . ."

In speaking these words he no longer showed the same assurance. His voice was low and broken, and it seemed to come from secret and sorrowful depths. His hand, which continued to grasp mine as if he wished to attach himself to me, shook a little.

His tone, and the fact that he was trembling, upset me completely. He was so different from others, and I sensed a secret sorrow—persistent, incurable, like that of an orphan or a person who suffers from some physical infirmity. Pretending not to have understood, I smiled and stammered: "But how absurd. . . . Why should you imagine . . . ?"

"Because I am a Jew," he broke in sharply, and with such a peculiar intonation that I could not make out whether the admission cost him something, or whether he was proud of it.

Confused by my clumsiness, and wanting to make amends, I searched distractedly for the most tender words I could think of. But in my family I had never learned how to be tender. An act of sacrifice was the only token of affection that could be offered on serious occasions, and such an action only had value if it was inspired by conscience. Therefore, going back a step and retaining Silbermann's hand, I said to him solemnly:

"I swear to you, Silbermann, that henceforth I will do everything in my power for you."

The same day I spent the afternoon at Philippe Robin's house.

Towards the end of the day Philippe's uncle, Marc le Hellier, came in. He was very fond of his nephew and treated him as a man rather than as a schoolboy, which flattered Philippe very much. He would say to him that nothing was more absurd than the education given in the *lycées*, that a bout of fencing developed the brain much better than any lesson, and that to know how to deliver a knock-out blow on the right spot was more useful in after life than all that was taught us in the form room.

He went back to this theme when he caught sight of the heavy schoolbooks that were lying on Philippe's table. With a wave of his hand he made a movement as if to sweep them on to the floor. Philippe was highly amused, and I thought of Silbermann caressing the volume of Ronsard, and of the fervour which burned in him when he recited a poem.

"Do you know where I've just been, Philippe?" said Marc le Hellier. "At the 'Frenchmen of France,' who were holding their first meeting since their reopening. By Jove, we're not getting along so badly there. Nearly five hundred new members in three months. Now we can act."

Philippe's face expressed the greatest interest. His uncle had pulled him over to him and was feeling his arms, and I could see how Philippe proudly tightened his biceps.

"First of all," le Hellier went on, "we are going to organise a campaign against the Jews, and it is going to be carried out with care and intelligence, I can tell you. Not only open-air demonstrations, such as we have been satisfied with up till now. No, we're going to start working up files and dossiers, and then, as there is generally something doubtful at the bottom of a Jewish fortune, we'll follow the tracks of every rogue we suspect, and at the propitious moment—pht!—we'll break him."

He made an illustrative gesture with his hand. Under his thick but closely clipped red moustache his upper lip drew back and disclosed his strong canine teeth.

I had little liking for this man who, by the coarse tastes with which he tried to imbue Philippe, tended to alienate my friend from me. But on this particular day it was with a real sense of distress that I listened to his plans. It was as if I could hear from a distance Silbermann's plaint: "I thought that you would refuse to speak to me . . . I didn't dare. . . ."

And as Philippe's uncle pursued this theme, and Philippe, with shining eyes,

devoted the utmost attention to him, I soon got up and went away.

Silbermann's appeal to my pity had touched me deeply. I thought of him the whole evening, and felt much more drawn towards him than when I had been merely dazzled by his marvelous gifts. I remembered his timorous eyes on the first day; the reason for his hesitation in coming up to me in the morning became clear, and these pictures which represented him as an outcast among us were heart-rendering to me.

In my room I picked up mechanically one of my exercise books and opened it towards the end. It was here, in these scribbled pages, that my secrets could be probed; for it was in this book that I had begun a confession, written letters to an unknown friend, and scrawled girls' names. Then as I saw the childishness of these things, or, blushing with shame, remembered the troubled dreams which they had called up, I hastily scored out all my labours with my pen.

I wrote to Silbermann. I assured him that he was quite wrong in thinking that I would treat him as Robin did, because I had not the slightest feeling of hostility to his race. I also mentioned the fact that I was a Protestant. I added that I had thought of our meeting the whole day, and that my conscience would never allow me to forget the vow of friendship which I had sworn as we parted.

I did not mean to give him this letter. But all the same the next day at school, as he ran over to me overflowing with friendly intentions, I quickly tore the page out of my book, folded it up, and handed it to him.

I spent my next break with Robin. To my great embarrassment I saw Silbermann coming up to us. He said to me in a loud voice: "All right, that's settled. I'll count on you for Thursday." Then he walked away.

Philippe looked at me with surprise.

"You're going out with him on Thursday? How do you come to know him?"

Blushing very red, I explained that I had met him and he had offered to lend me some books.

"You know that his father, who deals in antiques, is a thief? Uncle Marc told me so."

This announcement was made in a sharp tone. I made a vague gesture, and we talked of something else.

What happened the next day was like a presage of the troubled times that were to follow.

It was Saint Barbara's Day. On this
(Continued on Page 47)

The Great American Summer Resort

A Study in Tribal Customs

By Rosalind Ach Schwab

Illustrated by Garrett Price



NOTE by the author: This essay in description was written four years ago, and already it "dates" a little. For instance, one no longer speaks of profiteering in the flippant tone used below; every reference to bridge should be carefully corrected to read "mah jongg." Careful inquiries reveal the fact that beaded bags are no longer knitted—the exigencies of the game demand a too constant use of the hands, and everyone knows how to play it.

But it would be a pity to make these emendations in the text itself. It stands as a historical document, a monument—I say it in all modesty—of subtle and painstaking research.

THIS was my first summer at Charlevoix.

It is with a blush of embarrassment that I make the admission for I can find no extenuating circumstances to excuse such a solecism. I cannot plead youth, for I realize well that, had my environment been the proper one, I should by this, have made my seventh or eighth visit. The day of my virgin charm should have dawned upon me there, had it been a really correct virgin charm. I should cherish memories of the woods by the lake, with a girlhood sweetheart by my side. The dear companion of my prime, as the prayer-book says, should have taken me a

walking to Pine Point, at five o'clock in the morning, and I ought to remember the climb down the fire-escape at the hotel and how flushed I was when I came in to breakfast, and how all the old ladies gazed at me over their several grapefruits. But memories such as these can never, never be mine.

Nor can I plead in my favor ignorance of the custom of my race and tribe. Was it criminal negligence, or poverty, or social degradation that has kept me out of The Great American Summer Resort all these long years? With due modesty, I hope it was none of these. I like to think that it was Fate, a benign fate which, in order that I might the better commemorate the law of the land, constrained me systematically to break it, beginning with the first and greatest commandment: that is, Thou shalt have been there before.

The first faint possibility of Charlevoix dawned upon me a full year ago, when it seemed that a little gentlemanly profiteering would still be done in the best circles. I began to talk about it, tentatively and somewhat indifferently. In the light of experience, I have learned how well instinct—for I cannot say it was intelligence—guided me in this. For the second great rule of the true 'Charlevoigian' is indifference. It is the unvarying condition that no one goes to Charlevoix because she herself likes it. She goes—she in-

tones it like a ritual—because the air is so good for the children, or because her mother-in-law has a cottage there, and does so love to have us all with her, or because the girls have really reached an age when you have to consider. There is only one barbarity worse than to go to Charlevoix because you like it. That is the unspeakable one of going anywhere else.

I BEGAN then, in the early winter, to dally with the idea, and to ask questions as to rooms and locations, of patient Helen, who of course has been going since God-knows-when. These questions, although alas, I knew it not, were in themselves hardly respectable. All right minded people engaged their cottages last summer—although Mrs. O'Rourke put up the rent again! and by January have a drawing room reserved on the G. R. & I. for the tenth of July. *En passant*, let me say that the travel regulations are very rigid. Return accommodations must be ordered immediately on arrival. To be quite modish, you should have a drawing-room for the seventh of September, and another for the fourteenth. Because, how can you tell?

In my final choice of rooms, I builded better than I knew. I avoided the big hotel, which is expensive, very elegant and a little bit dull. I eschewed the small one, which is neighborly and cheerful, but if such could be in Charlevoix, bourgeois. And took up a strategic position midway between the two. Here I could get my three rooms and bath, and fix the baby's bottles over the oil stove in the kitchen. I could take my meals at Shores, where the food is much better for Junior than at the hotels. You will note how delicately I omit all mention of the fact that Shores is, relatively, cheap. For such considerations do not enter life at Charlevoix. Those who have known me of yore will also observe a change in the name of my son. He now answers to "Junior." Any other name is almost unthinkable. I am not speaking too strongly if I say that to call



him anything else is considered almost Jewish.

Shores, to return, literally, to our mutton, has many advantages. One does not dress for dinner, partly because dinner is in the middle of the day, with a sweetly bucolic supper in the evening, consisting of milk-toast, potatoes and a raspberry. If necessary, they will lay you an egg. The atmosphere is delightfully chummy. There are twenty at a table, including the lady who is giving a boat-party tomorrow, and hasn't asked you. And there is nothing that arouses a sisterly interest in your neighbor's appetite, like a bump of the elbow with each dainty mouthful.

IN this position of vantage, I could consider my next step in the social scale—a rented cottage. And could even dream of the splendid apotheosis of owning a cottage on Michigan Avenue. But this question of location is a very delicate one. Charlevoix is shaped—like an H, with two arms on opposite sides of the chain of little lakes, and the bridge for the dash connecting them. One arm is Dixon Avenue, with its offshoots, where one may live in perfect righteousness. The other arm is the Belvedere, all shady and woody and cottagey. I broke another taboo by admiring it effusively. To any more ignorant than I, let me say that "the Belvedere" is where "we" never go. One may walk there in the daytime, if armed to the teeth, but to live there is unthinkable. Michigan Avenue is an extension of the dash, or perhaps the bridge is merely an offshoot of Michigan Avenue, since the latter is vastly more important. All these quarters have a fairly fixed status—Michigan for the wealthy and important, Dixon for the middle-class and respectable, and the Belvedere to be mentioned in a whisper. The debatable land is the little row of streets on the other side of the bridge, up by the Big Lake. This is neither Belvedere nor "our side"—neither fish nor flesh. It has the advantages of quiet and a glorious view. On the other hand, one living there lacks the wide and certain knowledge of social event, of her who dwells on the highway. On the whole, the possibility of living there depends upon your tribal rank. If you are just anyone, you will be considered eccentric, should you choose such a dwelling place. But if you are a real somebody, you may live there with impunity, thus show-

ing your sublime indifference to criticism. The accepted remark in these circumstances, is that your friends will find you, wherever you are.

In the railway folders, Charlevoix is characterized as "The Beautiful." I think my greatest shock was to find it so. It is a fact that the true Charlevoixian conceals like an indelicacy. With careful tact, she avoids looking at the scenery, an attitude which requires much strength of character and no little training, since nature is always thrusting bright snatches of color and woodsy bits of dusk, in the face of civilization. There is one view from the bridge that always catches me—on the one hand the Big Lake with its lighthouse cutting the sky. And on the other, the ins and outs of Round Lake and Old River and Pine Lake, with curving shores growing dimmer and dimmer, and, right where the sun strikes it, one white sail. But my illegitimate love for all this blue and green and gray and flashing white, I early learned to conceal. It is a clandestine passion that I dare never reveal.

THE greatest disadvantage to Charlevoix is the fact that you see the same people all the time—the same ones that you have seen all winter. And, indeed, my first few days in Charlevoix, I had Alice's bewildered feeling, when she ran with all her might and main, and, quite exhausted, found herself in the same place. It seemed to me that after having bid Avondale a warm farewell—warm as to temperature, not temperament—and travelling all night as fast as steam and cinders could carry me, I had triumphantly landed in Avondale again. The landscape seemed to be dotted with fragments of all the clubs, classes and cliques which so filled the horizon at home. But, my first amazement over, I began to see, peeping shyly out of the throng, a few unfamiliar faces. With regard to the attitude toward these faces, and the minds and bodies appertaining thereto, the taboos are very strict. A slightly superior air, a tinge of aloofness and patronage. Because, my dear, you know very well that the Cincinnati Jews have always been—

I had heard a great deal of the social life in Charlevoix. While the elite, with true breeding, refrain from any mention of natural beauties, they discuss the hectic activities with the same air of enjoyment and melancholy pride that is customary in describing a serious illness. There is too much gayety, I soon learned. It is spoiling Charlevoix. Nothing but parties, parties, parties, every day and every night. And if you go to one, you have to go to them all. As to this, I cannot speak with any authority. For although I did go to one, and even to more than one, I found no difficulty at all in refraining from attending them all. My experience, however, seems to be unique. There is only one thing to do, so I was told. That is, resolutely to refuse all invitations for the day time, at least, or be scattered to the four winds by pure centrifugal force, as you fly from one function to another. Evening parties are only attended to avoid offense to the hostess. For indifference is the badge of all our tribe.

Yet it is not *comme il faut*, to eschew all activity. Tradition has laid down rigid regulations as to what must be, what may be, and what cannot be done—a most difficult situation for a novice such as I since it is of course understood that there are to be novices. In the morning, every one who is socially acceptable plays golf. Here I made my most dreadful blunder. With a passion worthy of a better cause do I abominate golf, and I thought I might safely dislike it, since to dislike things is considered so distingué. A grasshoppery game, an illogical game. Why are the devotees so eager to put the ball in the hole, when they take it out again forthwith? I like to pass my mornings in innocent sleep, or in tranquilly walking down town after eighteen cents worth of round of beef for the baby. But my spirit is feeble in rebellion against the custom of the country. Next season, if I live, I shall play golf.

IN the afternoon, you are not so strictly circumscribed. If you do not aspire to the summit of indifference, it is permissible to have a table of bridge (Mah Jongg), you may accept an invitation to a bridge (Mah Jongg) party, or you may go a-boating with perhaps a game of bridge (Mah Jongg) when the engine breaks down opposite Holy Island. I may say here, that to own a boat is very smart in-



deed, but to have owned one, and not to care for it any longer, is the very acme of smartness. If these pursuits do not appeal, you may lie perdu in your room. There do exist some in Charlevoix, who cannot play bridge. These conceal the fact, by knitting a beaded bag.

For the evening there are several additions to the occupations permitted. You may have a Beach Supper, in sport clothes, or a buffet dinner, with your best evening dress from last winter. Or you may dance at the hotel. If you are under twenty—which you seldom if ever are—you have various privileges. In regard to

these, reports are lurid, but vague. So far as my first hand knowledge goes, the younger set spend its evenings, between ten and two, racing up and down Dixon Avenue in a two-seated sport car.

NO matter how the fore part of the evening has been spent, all but the outer barbarians end every one at the gambling house. The ceremonial here is very clear. The room is prepared by arranging four tables with piles of bright-colored chips, a revolving wheel, and a cunning little marble to each. A huge wood fire is lit, and

all the windows are hermetically sealed. At about eleven there enters—what shall we call them—congregation, communicants?—let us say, WE enter. We wear an evening dress, for WE have been to a dance, and WE swing a beaded bag. This is not one WE made ourself, but one our husband ordered from Paris last year. Good form does not require the presence of money in the bag. WE advance to the “quarter” table, and say lightly to the croupier, “Ben, give us a stack.” These words are of course easy to memorize, but the intonation—compounded of equal parts of assurance, indifference and

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The Tribe of Levy in France

A Note for Eugenicists

By A. A. Roback

THE French Jews have always excited in me both curiosity and admiration. To think that the prince of commentators, great Rashi, whose name was known and revered by even the most old-fashioned bearded immigrants had lived in France and spoke the language of the cassocked priests I would meet so often in the streets of M—and the sturdy monks, with their shaven heads and sandalled feet, who always inspired me with a strange awe. It was difficult to believe that words used by my sworn enemies in encounters with whom after school hours I was practically always worsted (for the reason that they were older and called on their friends for aid) could be found in those peculiar lines just below the sacred text. And many a wintry evening, while watching amidst the indefinite and yet ineffably expressive chimes, the procession of seminarians from the college for the Vespers service in the high-spired cathedral on rue St. Denis did I connect the miracles told of Rashi with the forms which glided by on the creaking ice. A little later, on becoming acquainted with the Talmud, I learnt that those mighty minds who were responsible for the brain-racking column (*Tosafot*) at the left of the text, difficult enough in itself, were also Frenchmen, some of them being Rashi's grandchildren. It was all so marvelous because France seemed, from the point of view of a youngster, the last place in the world to breed religious luminaries whose names would be household words in Jewry throughout the world.

Even now the wonder has not worn

off. No, I find it even more justified in the knowledge that the comparatively small band of French Jews have been, especially since their emancipation, in the vanguard of French culture. No art, no science, no field of human endeavor but what has been cultivated of late by Jewish genius. If it is true, as Heine, I believe, remarked, that every country has the Jews it deserves, we must gather then that France is the most worthy country on earth; for in no other land have the sons of Israel so distinguished themselves as in the land of Rashi and the pious Rabeinu Tam (his grandson). Perhaps in no other country were they accorded equal opportunities, but this is a disputable point. The fact remains that the French Jews have risen to heights scarcely attained by Frenchmen; and considering their small numbers and their growing assimilationism, the intellectual vitality of our Gallic brethren is amazing. The German Jews have of course achieved great things, but in proportion to the non-Jewish contribution in their country they fall far behind the record of their French co-religionists, or rather, race-fellows.

THE history of French Jewry is yet to be written. It is only recently that we learnt of the half-Jewish descent of Montaigne, the man whose literary and liberalizing influence dominated Europe for centuries, and similarly of the partly-Jewish parentage of Jean Bodin and Michel L'Hopital, apostles of peace and toleration whose endeavors were mainly responsible for the edict of Nantes more than three hundred years ago. But let us con-

fine ourselves to the last generation only; asked to name the greatest composer of his day, we should have no difficulty making out a good case for the late St.-Saens who, sad to say, never acknowledged his racial affiliations, much as his features proclaimed the fact and confirmed the persistent reports spread by intimate friends. If we are looking for a philosopher who, though still living, has already become a classical figure in the history of philosophy, we are certain to be told of Bergson. Salomon Reinach is the foremost living archaeologist, and incidentally, after charming the students of Greek culture with his “Apollo” and other works, this Jew has given to the world the best concise history of Christianity, just as another Jew, Neander, or David Mendel, as he was called before he renounced Judaism, wrote the great and voluminous “History of the Christian Religion.”

Returning, however, to our French Jews, we find Durkheim, who died in bereavement of his son killed during the War, the leading sociologist of his generation. In art, the name of Camille Pissarro stands out as a founder of the impressionistic school. Among the winners of the Nobel Prize in physics and chemistry we have Lippmann and Moissan who, according to Professor Arthur Schuster, was of Jewish descent. As for philologists, there have been Jews on the topmost rung in practically every branch from Bréal in semantics to Oppert in Assyriology, Halévy in the African branches of the Semitic languages, Sylvain Lévi in Sanskrit, etc. The best representatives of French music today are Ravel and to a less extent

Florent Schmitt. But it is not my purpose here to exhaust the list of the Jewish giants in France. I cannot afford, however, to omit mentioning the fact that the colossus of European letters, Anatole France, has been repeatedly linked with the Jewish race and on one or two occasions by persons of authority and weight in biographical particulars.

WHAT has prompted the writing of this paper is not so much the desire to call attention to Franco-Jewish achievement but rather to dwell on the rare distinction which the tribe of Levy has curiously secured in France. Such a phenomenon is noteworthy, even if no explanation should be available, particularly because there is no reason for supposing that there is an abundance of Levites in France or that they exceed the number of Jews with variants of this surname in other countries. It should not surprise us to discover that no other *patronymic in France is attached to so many illustrious men*. Compared with the Cohens in their French variants such as Caen, Cahen, Kahn, Kohn, the Lévi's and Halévy's both in quality and in the number of distinguished men are so far in the lead that one must regard this circumstance not as a chance occurrence.

But it may be asked whether our judgment may not be biased in favor of the subject of this essay, since it is natural to become enthusiastic about anything in which one is especially interested. To meet any criticism of this sort I have appealed to such a reliable and objective reference work as the *New International Encyclopedia* which in its comprehensiveness and impartiality, to my mind, excels all other encyclopedias, not excluding the *Encyclopedia Britannica*. If any partiality is shown in a reference work, it is usually on the side of notables who belong to the country in which the work is published. We should not then expect the Halévy's and Lévi's to figure in the *New International Encyclopedia*, unless they were really celebrities of indisputable claim. Here we find space devoted to the composer of "La Juive," "which is deservedly recognized as a classic," his brother, Léon Halévy, two of whose works were crowned by the French Academy, the latter's son, Ludovic, whose "L'Abbé Constantine" "is world-renowned for its charm," and in whose works "we easily discern the characteristic traits of Halévy's genius—taste, refinement and pathos," and finally Joseph Halévy who receives half a column in this much condensed encyclopedia. It is only to satisfy the most captious critic that I have turned to such a refer-

ence work in confirmation of my claim; for the genius of Jacques Fromental Halévy who wielded an influence in musical circles outside of France is too well known, as is that of his nephew, Ludovic, who was the first Jew to be elected to the body of "forty immortals" in France. The brother of Jacques and father of Ludovic, it is true, is not so famous, but the sketch of him in the *Nouvelle Biographie Générale* is full of praise for his works which include poetry, drama, history and fables. As to Joseph Halévy, the extent of his labors on behalf of the African languages and philology, the French Government, the Falashas in Abyssinia and the Jews in general, can scarcely be estimated at the present time. He was certainly one of the two greatest Orientalists of his time, the Jew Oppert being the other.

NOW, turning to the Lévi's and Lévy's in the same Encyclopedia, we note Sylvain Lévi, the foremost Sanskrit scholar in France and probably in the world, who visited America recently on a French mission; August Michel Lévy, the mineralogist and engineer, and Raphael Georges Lévy, France's most distinguished political economist, whose "The Peace of Justice" has just been published in an English translation with a preface by the former Premier, Poincaré. All we have to do to convince ourselves of the superiority of the French branch of the Levites is to consult the Encyclopedia, where the Levi's and Levy's of all other countries take a second place. But in order to do justice to the French members of the tribe with this surname, it is necessary to become acquainted with the achievements of the Jews in France. Neither the Jewish Encyclopedia nor other works purporting to give information about noted Jews are in any way adequate. I have made a list of about thirty Frenchmen by this name, or one of its variants, who have made valuable contributions in the sphere of letters, science, art or public life. It would take too much space to reproduce the whole inventory, but we may at least consider, in addition to those already mentioned, the following leaders:

Armand Lévy, who about a hundred years ago was a professor of mineralogy.

Israel Lévi—a versatile scholar and Talmudist.

Michel and Calman Lévy—an old publishing firm ever on the lookout for scholars and meritorious work.

Michel Lévy—one of the most eminent surgeons in France during the middle of the last century and director of the Val de Grâce Medical School.

Maurice Lévy—distinguished engi-

neer and professor of mechanics at the College de France, also a member of the French Institute.

Elie Halévy—leading authority on the radical movement in philosophy.

Albert Lévy—a sculptor of great talent.

Alphonse Lévy—a painter and officer of the Academie des Beaux-Arts.

Bénoit Lévy—who is gaining an international reputation for his work in landscape architecture.

Albert Lévy—Professor at Toulouse and author.

Lucien Lévy—physicist and mathematician.

Paul Emile Lévy—who was Bernheim's associate at the Nancy clinic where Coué gathered his wisdom.

And let us not forget that the present Chief Rabbi of France is also a Lévi.

But we must stop somewhere. It is clear, I think, that no country can offer such a galaxy of Levys, and the remarkable feature of these practically assimilated Jews is the tenacity with which they cling to their surname. Not only will they not follow the example of our newly transformed Eliots and Cabots, Gainsboroughs, Lhévinnes, Wilsons, etc., etc., not only will they not stoop to gallicize their names to La Vie or Le Voeu, Lavisson or Lévis, but they are even zealous to retain their mother's family name if she was a Lévy. We thus have such combinations as Lévy-Bruhl, Lévy-Strauss, Lévy-Suhl and Lévy-Dhurmer; and Lévy-Bruhl's apparent eagerness to reveal his antecedents did not prevent him from becoming one of the chief figures in French philosophy, an officer of the French Institute and the editor, at Ribot's dying request, of the *Revue Philosophique*, nor would Lévy-Dhurmer have been better recognized as a portrait painter if he had dropped the maternal surname.

Are we to assume that there are a great many more Jews in France whose ancestors have taken on for a name some form of the name Levy than in other countries? Or may we gather that the Lévi's in France have come from a specially good stock? If so then we must further suppose that they encouraged inbreeding, for even the best stock would be exposed to the consequences of marrying into poorer stocks. I shall not attempt to settle this question now, but rather commend it to the attention of the eugenicists. Of one thing we may be quite certain, and that is the pride which the French namesakes of our Levys take in their Jewish surname—a pride which at once bespeaks their moral fibre and in part at least explains the glorious achievements of their possessors.



Above—"Portrait of Two Sisters" by Ben Silbert

After a successful period of work and exhibitions abroad, Ben Silbert returned to America, and has proved to us by the showing of his work here during this past year, that he deserves a hearty welcome and our serious attention. Those who are in the habit of seeing many exhibitions of painting and who in consequence are likely to feel a bit bored with much of the art shown, are finding in Silbert's work the qualities which arouse their interest—vitality and sincerity combined with an excellent sense of form and design.

Of course, artists do not usually like to write down what they think about the work of a fellow artist although much of the time they are quite willing to talk about it. Perhaps this is the reason so many laymen consider them inveterate fault finders. In this case, however, I have no fear that Silbert will quarrel with me for my opinion of his work.

Several influences may be detected in his painting, but he is still a young



Left—The artist in his studio in Paris

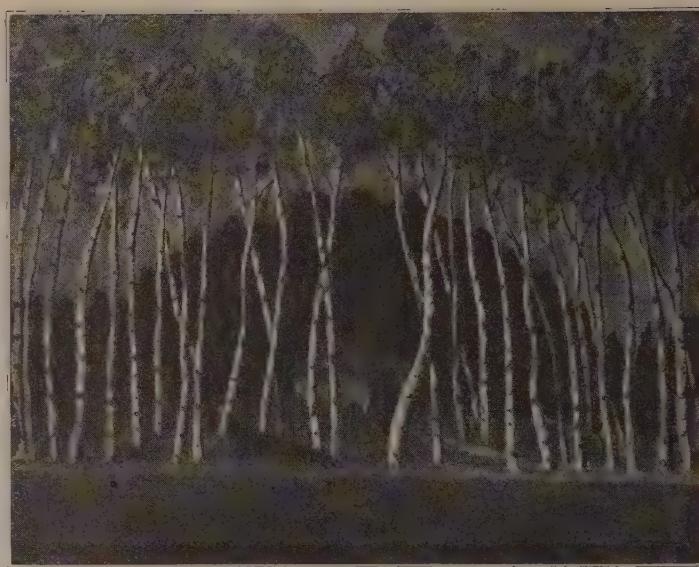
man and his personality is such that we may be sure of the continued development of that strong individuality of which we are made aware the moment we enter the gallery where his work is hung. There is evidence of constant searching and experimenting; and in talking with Silbert I have found that this was indeed true. He works in both oil and water-color, and aims always to bring out new beauties in each of these media.

His water-color, "Little Girl with Geese," has in it a charm and humor which immediately win the spectator, and it offers as well some very cleverly turned passages of technique that provoke the admiration of the artist. There is a portrait of Maurice Raynal which shows clearly the desire of the artist to do more than photograph his sitter. Silbert has given his subject a well-constructed background and has chosen to see him from a most character-revealing point of view. Though I have not seen M. Maurice Raynal, I suspect that

Ben Silbert- Artist

By Beatrice C. Levy

this is as excellent a likeness as it is an interesting picture. The "Chimney Sweep" is a bold bit of characterization, having in it both spontaneous vision and careful workmanship. This combination of spontaneity with a thorough craftsmanship is a very characteristic quality in Silbert's work, and is also especially to be noted in his oil portrait of "Fanny Lee." The interpretive feeling in "Fanny Lee" is strong, too, and there is a fine restraint in the pose of the figure as well as in the use of a low-keyed color



Above—"The Birch Trees," from the collection of W. C. Both, Chicago.

Left—"Portrait of Fanny Lee," from the collection of Oscar Meyer, Chicago.

Right—"Goldie," one of Mr. Silbert's most recent water colors. Lent by Francis Wagner, Chicago.

worked. A strong feeling of kinship to the old Italian painters is evident in "The Girl in White." In truth this kinship is discernible in all of Mr. Silbert's work. The "Girl in White" is in the collection of Mrs. Emanuel Mandel, who has taken such a friendly interest in the development of the young artist.

An excellent portrayal of child character is "Little Gretchen"—its simplicity is very winning. At present Silbert is at work on a portrait of his friend, the artist, Emile Armin, and in this new canvas he is undoubtedly producing one of his ablest pieces of creative painting.

A visit to Silbert's studio shows you a happy young man exuberantly in love with what ever work he happens to be developing. I found him experimenting with a painting of flamingoes on a black velvet ground. This, however, impressed me as being a bit trivial and more of a "stunt" than his other productions.

SILBERT was born in Gorki, a little town in central Russia, and came to America at the age of fifteen. Before leaving Russia he managed, however, to spend two and a half years in the Art



scheme. Indeed Silbert never seeks to attract attention by the use of vivid color, though he will perhaps find himself more interested in color problems as he develops in his art. He seems so far to have been chiefly concerned with form and its interpretive possibilities, and with certain qualities to be found in his medium.

THERE is nothing sentimental about Silbert's pictures, but he can enjoy the poetic quality of a "morning mood" as is shown in his landscape by that title. The "Wash-line" shows how much beauty he finds in common things, and this picture has merited all of the attention which critics have given to it. There is a solid homeliness about the treatment of the "Portrait of a Pastor" very much in harmony with the subject, and I like it better than the "Sister of Mercy" which seems to me to be too photographic and over-



of Design. Then the war came and he enlisted, serving overseas as a machine-gun runner. Back in America after the war, it took quite a while for Silbert to revive his ambition—the war experience had deadened his spirit. Then he decided to go to Paris where he soon established his own studio and settled down to work for a period of three years.

In the early spring of 1922, Silbert went to Germany to study the old masters there. In the autumn of the same year he had an exhibition in Berlin at the galleries of Alfred Flechtheim. The well-known German art critic, Professor Carl Fries, wrote the foreword for his catalogue, while a number of other favorable comments by various German critics gave the young artist much encouragement. Mr. H. L. Mencken, after leaving Berlin,

(Continued on page 42)

Academy at Odessa, being at the time the youngest student there, and completing the five-year course in this limited period of time. When he came to America, he joined an elder brother in Chicago and proceeded to work his way, eventually studying in the night school of the Art Institute.

By the time he was twenty-three he was earning a good salary as a commercial artist. But Silbert had a greater ambition, so he went in New York planning to carry on his art studies at the national Academy

The Jew in the Modern World

A Syllabus* for the study of the Relations of the Jew in Modern Times to His Environment

A Word in Advance

THE following outline was primarily intended for use by university study-circles. But any group or individual studying contemporary Jewish affairs may find it helpful.

The outline is for practical purposes extensible and contractible, and its parts are largely interchangeable. It is divided into sections, and each section is furnished with its own bibliography, questions for study and discussion, and, usually, with lists of topics for papers, subjects for debate, and suggestions for study-circle programs. Every individual or study-group can cut out on the basis of this outline a program for future work. Certain sections may—in accordance with the interests of the readers or their facilities for research—be singled out for extensive individual treatment, or may serve to occupy a number of meetings of the study-group. Emancipation, Reform Judaism, Zionism, Anti-Semitism, Traditional Judaism, are of course capable of indefinitely extensible study.

The order of topics provided by the outline need not of course be followed. If the outline is adopted as the basis for a year's work (it would furnish material for eighteen meetings, allowing one section to a meeting), it would be better to follow the logical order in which it is compiled. If a part of the outline is used—for example the sections on Emancipation and on What the Jew Encountered in the Modern World—the remainder can serve as a guide to an introductory meeting and a concluding discussion.

How to Use This Syllabus

IN using any section as the basis for a program for a meeting of a study-group, the topics for papers should be assigned to individual members at least one month in advance, and debates arranged for weeks ahead. Some or all of the "Questions for Study and Discussion" should be presented to the meeting of the group for general discussion. Copies of the section of the outline under study should be furnished all members two weeks in advance of meeting, so that they may have an opportunity to engage in the reading and prepare themselves for intelligent discussion.

*(Published in co-operation with the Intercollegiate Menorah Association.)

A word now on the individual section of this syllabus. The comment set down under each topic is intended to be helpful and helpful in the reading that follows. It is not a summary of what the books cited contain. And most emphatically, it is not a dogmatic statement of the truth and facts of the matter discussed. H. G. Wells says that history "is not yet an exact science" and surely syllabic comments on history can make no pretense at finality. It is conceivable that a reader may disagree with any or all of the comments in the outline. They were made to provoke thought, questionings, curiosity—and not convictions. They were made to direct the reader to a study of certain movements, episodes, and personalities in history. Every historical or factual allusion in these comments—such as mention of "Locke," "French Encyclopedists," "Mendelssohn and His Circle"—is a hint to consult histories, biographies, etc., on these points, and to appraise the relevance of these allusions to the topic under which they occur. Suggestions for comparisons of different periods and personalities in Jewish history, and of movements of Jewish and general history, abound; this does not imply that an analogy between the items compared is to be proved; but it is intended to unlimber the reader's ideas on history, to attract him to the point of view that Jewish history is not a narrow, closed account of a people detached from world movements and that no period in Jewish history itself is a totally unrelated unit.

The References to Books and Periodicals

THE bibliographies given under each section are not intended to be exhaustive. They are confined largely to works easily accessible in English. A certain few books are constantly cited—the Jewish Encyclopedia, Cohen's *Jewish Life in Modern Times*, Ruppin's *The Jews of Today*—for they are a compendium of information on the entire subject of the outline; and it is recommended that every reader buy the latter two books, and study them carefully in their entirety. The student is not necessarily expected to read every book cited in these bibliographies; indeed they are made extensive, because few libraries will likely contain all the books listed. The books entered under "Further Reading" are not to be

considered less important than the others; they will, rather, lead the reader into a more comprehensive understanding of the subject.

The proper use of the Jewish Encyclopedia is essential. It should be consulted, even where it is not definitely cited, upon every subject, person, place, and movement under discussion. The cross references (given in CAPITAL letters) in the Encyclopedia articles should always be looked up. (For example, in reading the Encyclopedia's article on Russia, look up and read articles under "Armenia," "Cossacks," "Crimea," "Kiev," "Kahal," "May Laws," etc.) This internal cross-indexing is far from complete, and the good sense of the reader, together with his growing familiarity with the work, will suggest to him cross references and related subjects which the Encyclopedia article itself fails to cite. In this connection Joseph Jacobs' *The Jewish Encyclopedia: a Guide to Its Contents*—a small book summarizing the contents of the Encyclopedia, and suggesting warm scents for the reader to follow on almost every Jewish subject—should always be consulted.

But few references to periodicals have been given. For the preparation of any paper or debate, or careful analysis of any topic, the *Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature* and Poole's *Index to Periodical Literature* should be consulted, usually under "Jewish," "Hebrew," and their cross references.

The Spirit of Free Inquiry

THE spirit of this outline is, in intention, free inquiry; and in that spirit it should be used. To paraphrase Teggart, the purpose of Jewish history should be to explain how the Jew comes to be what he is. This implies free inquiry first as to the facts and then as to their relations. Free inquiry implies that we should treat these facts and relations in a fashion rather opposite to our treatment of men indicted for crime: we should assume a fact to be dubious, and a relation or theory to be questionable until research assures us otherwise. We should be particularly on guard against special pleas and special treatment for Jewish history. The Jew is "fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled

by the same winter and summer" as any other people.

ABBREVIATIONS.

Cohen: Israel Cohen's *Jewish Life in Modern Times*.

J. Ency.: Jewish Encyclopedia.

J. P. S.: Jewish Publication Society of America.

Ruppin: Arthur Ruppin's *The Jews of Today*.

Any and all questions bearing on the subjects of this syllabus or its use, should be addressed to The Syllabus Editor of the *B'Nai B'rith Magazine* who will answer in every case.

Although the material will be printed in installments, the contents of the entire syllabus is given in advance, in order that the reader may have an idea of the method with which the subject as a whole is treated.

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5. Cultural Life and General Summary.

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I. TRADITIONAL JUDAISM.

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A. "THE JEWISH QUESTION."

I. SURVEY OF THE JEWISH PEOPLE UPON THEIR ENTRANCE INTO THE MODERN WORLD: THE JEWISH HERITAGE.

1. Census and Dispersion. In the 18th century, when the Jews began to mingle in modern life, it is estimated that they numbered about three million. (In 1914, about fourteen million.) More than one-half lived in Eastern Europe (Poland, Russia, Rumania). Balance largely in Germany, Austria-Hungary, France, England, Holland, Italy, and the Ottoman Empire. Save for slight drift westward in Europe and settlement in America, proportions in each country likely remained static from dawn of century until today. In Europe, migration from smaller towns and country to the cities. Percentage of Jews in total population small. Concentration in a few trades, in cities, or in limited areas, has given them disproportionate prominence.

Arthur Ruppin, *The Jews of Today* (New York, 1913), chap. ii.

Israel Cohen, *Jewish Life in Modern Times* (New York, 1914), Bk. 1, chap. i.

On concentration of population, see Ruppin, chap. vi.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY AND DISCUSSION

1. How are Jewish census figures secured? 2. What figures are "official?" 3. To what extent are they reliable, compared, for example, to Presbyterian or Welsh figures? 4. What Jewish factors might tend to make Jewish figures unreliable? (See articles listed under "Statistics" in index to previous volumes, in *American Jewish Year Book, 5681*; *Jewish Communal Register of New York City*, pp. 75-81; Mark Twain, *Literary Essays*, chapter entitled "Concerning the Jews.") 5. Compare increase in Jewish population in 19th century with increase in non-Jewish populations in same period. 6. In what ways, if any, have Jewish migrations differed from non-Jewish during same period?

TOPICS FOR PAPERS.

1. The sources of Jewish census statistics. How they are secured, prepared, evaluated. The varieties of these statistics—population, occupation, patriotic services, etc. Which are governmental; unofficial? Methods used for estimating rather than counting population, etc. Importance of the study, compilation, and evaluation of Jewish statistics in the social and political problems touching the Jews. 2. Jewish Migrations in the 19th century. Their causes, volume, and (where concrete facts can be found) their effects on the life of the Jews.

DEBATE.

That Jewish migrations in the 19th century have served to weaken

the unity and culture of the Jewish people.

PROGRAM SUGGESTION.

Prepare graphs illustrating comparative Jewish populations in each land, and comparative Jewish and non-Jewish populations in these lands. Graphs of town and country populations. Graphs and maps showing migrations.

This is the end of the first section of the syllabus, and it may be well to insert here, for the benefit of persons who are not accustomed to study with a syllabus, a few hints how best to use it. The reader will note from the table of contents that he is studying a syllabus on the life and conditions of the Jew in the modern world. For the sake of some order and convenience this study is grouped around what Jewish men on the street call "the Jewish Question." In order to understand this question it is first necessary to know what the Jewish people were like when they entered the modern world, and what they brought with them as their ancient heritage. The subject occupies the first main section (marked with a Roman I) of the syllabus. And naturally the first thing in this direction to find out about the Jews is their numbers and location. So the first subsection (marked I) is devoted to "Census and Dispersion." The introductory paragraph of this section attempts to give a slight summary of the information to be found on the subject; and what is more important, to suggest where information can be gathered. After reading this paragraph, the student or reader should consult the references given at its conclusion. In this case, Ruppin and Cohen. These books will in turn give further references. The Jewish Encyclopedia should be consulted (as in every instance), under "Census," "Population," "Dispersion," "Migration," and under the names of the various countries where it is mentioned that Jews are found. After the references are read in a general inquiring spirit, an effort should be made on the basis of this new information to answer mentally, or by writing a short essay on the matter, or by reporting orally in a study group, the

questions proposed for "Study and Discussion" and for "Topics for Papers," etc. Naturally there is no limit to the study of any question. There are no final answers; don't expect any. Read and think as far as you can in the direction that interests you most, without, however, neglecting to give at least a little time to every section, subsection, and its detailed questions. You will find that in trying to discuss fully any of the questions in this (or any other) section, you will have to do more than the reading suggested under the preliminary paragraph and elsewhere. Don't hesitate to branch out and away from the reading suggested here, and if you have any questions to ask, on any subject pertinent to this outline, address them to the Syllabus Editor of the *B'nai B'rith Magazine*.

2. *Language.* Hebrew the literary tongue. Used throughout Jewish world for liturgy; study; philosophic, religious, poetic, and scientific writings; personal correspondence. Hebrew among Jews, like Latin among Christians in the Middle Ages. Colloquial tongue varied. In eastern Europe, Yiddish—a composite of German, Hebrew, and Slavic. In Germany and Alsace, a more Germanized form of Yiddish, *Judeo-German* with small Slavic element. In Ottoman Empire (including Serbia and Bulgaria) *Spaniolisch*, *Ladino*, or *Judeo-Spanish*—a composite of Spanish and Hebrew. In Arabic lands (from Morocco to Mesopotamia) a peculiar form of *Arabic*, *Judeo-Arabic*. Colloquial tongues largely the result of Ghetto life.

Ruppin, chap. vii.; chap. xvi., pp. 259-60.

Further Reading: Maurice Fishberg, *The Jews* (New York, 1911), pp. 380-86. Leo Wiener, *Hist. of Yiddish Literature in 19th Cent.* (New York, 1899), chap. i; Israel Zangwill, *The Voice of Jerusalem*, chapter entitled "Language and Jewish Life."

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY AND DISCUSSION.

1. What languages or "dialects," besides the vernacular of the various lands where Jews have lived, have Jews spoken since they relinquished Hebrew?
2. Why have Jews so frequently in their history evolved a "dialect" or variant of the vernacular?
3. When is a language "dead," and is Hebrew "dead"?
4. In what

ways, giving specific examples from Jewish history, has Hebrew helped to preserve the unity and the spirit of the Jewish people?

PROGRAM SUGGESTION.

Recitations from modern Hebrew and Yiddish poetry, to bring out the quality of these languages. Translations should naturally be furnished. (See Krynski, M., *Ha-Signon ha-Ivri*, for Hebrew selections, and Bassin, M., *Anthology Fünf Hundert Jahr Yiddische Poesie* for Yiddish.)

3. *Ghetto and Pale.* Persistence of Ghetto in Central Europe until dawn of 19th century. Establishment of Pale of Settlement, or restricted area of residence, in Russia, 1769. Increasing restrictions. Prohibition of settlement in villages or countryside. Ghetto and Pale check development of Jewish life. Jewish "Middle Ages" begin when European "Middle Ages" terminate (16th century). Jews cut off from influence of modern science, art, invention, and discovery.

Ruppin, pp. 231-33. Cohen, Bk. II, chap. i, Bk. III, chap. ii.

Further reading: David Philipson, *Old European Jewries* (Jewish Pub. Soc. of America). Israel Friedlaender, *The Jews of Russia and Poland* (New York, 1915), chap. ii. G. F. Abbott, *Israel in Europe*.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY AND DISCUSSION.

1. What are the chief points of contrast between the Ghetto and the Pale—in origin, organization, interior life, etc.?
2. What advantages did the Jews derive from the Ghetto?
3. To what extent was the Ghetto a natural product of the religious, political, social, economic, and philosophic theories of medieval life? (Consult C. Seignobos, *History of Medieval Civilization*, H. O. Taylor, *The Medieval Mind*, W. Cunningham, *An Essay on Western Civilization in Its Economic Aspects*, and other authorities outlining the hierarchical tendencies in medieval organization.)
4. What relation has the Pale to modern theories of nationalism?
5. Compare the Pale to an "enclave" as defined by modern political thought; to the theory underlying "minority rights" as granted in the Treaty of Versailles.
6. In what way did Ghetto and Pale remove Jews from influence of modern science, art, literature, etc.?
7. Do the so-called "ghettos" in modern cities have this effect or not—and why?
8. Do ghettos appear in the history of other peoples besides the Jews?

TOPICS FOR PAPERS.

1. The Ghetto as a Jewish creation. Outline the Jewish forces making for the creation of a separatist Jewish community; and the creation of these communities from the days of Alexander (2nd century B. C.) down to modern times.

2. Sketch a typical European ghetto. Its life, system of religious and secular organization, laws, institutions, restrictions, history, etc. (Frankfort, Prague, Nuremberg, or the like. Use David Philipson, *Old European Jewries*; Israel Abrahams, *Jewish Life in the Middle Ages*; Joseph Jacobs, *The Jews of Angevin England*; Jewish Encyclopedia.)

3. The institution of the Pale. Its origin, area, restrictions, and social and economic influence on Jewish life in Russia. (See Lucien Wolf, *The Legal Sufferings of the Jews in Russia*; S. M. Dubnow, *Hist. of the Jews in Russia and Poland*; J. Ency.)

DEBATE.

That the Jews, during the diaspora, have profited more than they have suffered by Ghetto life.

4. *Occupations and Economic Condition.* Commerce general, from petty hawking, peddling, and store-keeping to international banking. "They (the Jews) are like the Pegs and Nails in a great building, which though they are little valued in themselves, are absolutely necessary to keep the whole frame together." (Addison, in *The Spectator* No. 495, Sept. 27, 1712). Small craftsmen and artisans. Dire poverty of Jewish masses. "Luftmenschen" and "schnorrers." Jews barred from the land and the professions. Rise of capitalism in late 18th century enables small class of western Jews to achieve wealth. The Rothschilds.

Ruppin, chap. iii. Cohen, Bk. IV, chaps. i-ii.

Further reading: Werner Sombart, *The Jews and Modern Capitalism*. Also Joseph Jacobs, *Jewish Contributions to Civilization*, chaps. vii-viii, as a corrective for much of Sombart's argument. J. Ency. under "Rothschild." Ency. Britannica, under "Anti-Semitism." *The Memoirs of Ber of Bolechow*, trans. by M. Vishnitzer.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY AND DISCUSSION.

1. Why is commerce the leading Jewish occupation, and why has it been so for centuries past?
2. What specifically were the leading occupations of the Jews in Eastern

Europe—Western Europe—colonial America—in the 18th century? Israel Abrahams, *Jewish Life in the Middle Ages*, pp. 248-49. Publications of The American Jewish Historical Society.) Where possible, give reasons for this being so. 3. What were the effects of these occupations on Jewish character; intellect; cultural life; political status? 4. If Jews were engaged largely in commerce, why attribute their ignorance of modern culture (in the 18th century and before) to lack of contact with the modern world? 5. What social rank did a business man have in Jewish life, compared to a scholar? Give evidence. 6. Sombart claims that the Jewish religion tends to develop the Jewish sense of commerce and Jewish success in capitalistic endeavor—criticize this.

TOPICS FOR PAPERS.

1. The Rothschilds. Sketch their rise, and influence in modern history.
2. Sketch the effect of the political condition of the Jews on their occupations, wealth, and poverty. (From 18th century on.)
3. Sketch the influence of the economic position of the Jews on their political condition. (From 18th century on.)

DEBATE.

That the Jews, either by gift or training, as a people possess exceptional capacities in the economic field. (See, among other references, Israel Zangwill, *The Voice of Jerusalem*, chapter entitled "The Conquering Jew.")

5. *Cultural Life and General Summary.* Comparative unity of European Jews previous to entry in modern life. One religion—traditional Judaism. Common literary language: Hebrew. One literature—Hebrew literature, in all its branches. One educational system—the cheder and yeshivah. One mode of living—customs and habits of daily life determined by common religion. Common attitude toward outer world—a chosen people to remain forever peculiar. One hope for the future—dispersion only temporary; ultimate restoration to Palestine.

Cohen, pp. 269-85, and 40-74. Life of East European Jews as set forth in these pages can be taken as description of West European Jewish life before the 19th century. *Zionism and the Jewish Future*, ed. by H. Sacher (London, 1916), pp. 12-24, for summary of European Jewish life before emancipation.

Further reading: *Idylls of the Gass*, by Martha Wolfenstein (J. P.

S.), *Yiddish Tales*, trans. by Helena Frank (J. P. S.), *Stories and Pictures*, by Isaac Loeb Perez (J. P. S.), although written of later period, typify life of this era. *King of Schnorrers*, by Israel Zangwill, for English Jewish life of the late 18th century. *The Shadow of the Cross*, by Jean and Jerome Tharaud, gives a dramatic, even if not entirely sympathetic, picture of traditional Jewish life in Poland.

Schechter, *Studies in Judaism*, Second Series, essay on "The Memoirs of a Jewess of the Seventeenth Century." "A Jewish Diarist of the Eighteenth Century" by M. Vishnitzer, in *Jewish Quarterly Review*, July, 1921. H. Graetz, *Hist. of the Jews*, vol. v, chap. vi. Solomon Maimon, *An Autobiography*, (Boston, 1888). J. Ency. under "Costumes," "Names." See also references given under section of syllabus, entitled "Traditional Judaism."

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY AND DISCUSSION.

1. The Eibeschütz Affair, 1751 (see Graetz, *Hist. of the Jews*, vol. v, chap. vii, pp. 245-290), was a controversy embroiling Jewish leaders and their communities throughout Europe—in what numerous ways does this "Affair" bring out the unity of Jewish life and culture at this time? 2. What light does it throw on the general state of Jewish culture? 3. On Jewish-Christian relations? 4. How does the status of Jewish culture, at this period, compare with the best of contemporary European culture—Montesquieu, Rousseau, the French encyclopedist, Kant; or the best of English culture? (See Leslie Stephen, *History of English Thought in the 18th Century*, especially vol. II.) 5. How does this Jewish culture compare with the lower aspects of contemporary European culture—the Inquisition; religious persecutions; crime and punishment; condition of the peasants and the poor; superstitions? (See Seignobos, *Hist. of Contemporary Civilization*, chap. iv.)

TOPICS FOR PAPERS.

1. Comparison of life and work of Elijah Gaon of Wilna and the Baal Shem Tov. (Louis Ginzberg, pamphlet, *Elijah Gaon of Wilna*; Schechter, *Studies in Jerusalem*, First Series, chaps. entitled "The Chassidim" and "Rabbi Elijah Wilna, Gaon;" *Zionism and the Jewish Future*, pp. 22-24; J. Ency. under both men, and under "Chassidism.") At-

tempt to bring out the nature of Jewish life and its problems at this time. 2. Voltaire and his relations with the Jews. 3. Lessing and the Jews. 4. Comparison of the *Autobiography* of Solomon Maimon with a typical biography of a non-Jewish 18th century scholar (Gibbon, Franklin, Rousseau, Boswell's *Life of Johnson*) as a study in the life and manners of 18th century Jew and Gentile. 5. Unifying forces in Jewish life previous to 19th century. Sketch the character and influence of the Shulhan Aruk; the educational system; and the languages of the Jews of this period. D. De Sola Pool, "The Traditional Code of Jewish Education," *Menorah Journal*, June-July, 1924. Emanuel Gamov, *Changing Conceptions in Jewish Education*.) 6. Describe typical Jewish community as portrayed by fiction suggested for reading under this section.

DEBATE.

That a greater unity in Israel exists today than in the 18th century. (On the positive side, note ease of communication, spread of literature, bonds of sympathy created by catastrophes, growing self-consciousness—to offset loss of unity in religion, language, law, and customs.)

A mastery of the material suggested for reading up to this point, and a discussion on the questions proposed in the text of the syllabus should give one a fair idea of the life and condition of the Jews at the end of the 18th century when they stood on the threshold of the modern world. If the syllabus is used by a study group and papers are composed and read on the topics mentioned under each section, and, in addition, discussions follow the reading of each paper, the understanding of this background of the modern Jew will be greatly enhanced. Without a knowledge of this background, a proper appreciation of the problems of the Jew today is impossible. It is equally impossible, without this preparation, to understand the various movements and aspects of current Jewish Life or the attitude of the Gentile world toward the Jew.

The next installment of the syllabus will guide the reader to a study of how and why the Jew actually entered modern life instead of remaining as he was to the beginning of the last century.

The Editor's Desk

October

1924

The Hillel Foundations

WHEN we say that the same restraint that exists in the general social atmosphere is felt at the university by the Jewish student, we are not thereby blaming the college. For when the Gentile arrives at school, he is met by a dozen fraternities, which vie with one another for him; or there are clubs much as he knew at home to which he is eligible for membership. He can go to the Y. M. C. A. or to any one of the various religious fellowships that have quarters for him on the campus. The church sends him a card of greeting, the minister calls upon him; in short, he is hailed by friends, who have made every provision for his cultural, spiritual and religious needs outside the university.

How different it is with the Jewish boy and girl! Fraternities are few, there are no rabbis or other workers to greet them, there is no center like the Y. M. C. A. to which they are attracted, there is except for a few large cities not even a Jewish population (or only a very meagre one) in the college town. So the Jewish student is left pretty much to his own devices. Small wonder that the charge is levelled against him that his university training makes of the Jewish student a one-sided intellectualist or materialist. If Jewish boys and girls are to be kept out of this danger, they must be given the opportunity to cultivate those aspects of their life which are now neglected, which the school by its very nature cannot, and for which the social environment does not give adequate facilities.

We can learn from the churches and other Christian associations. The Jewish boy and girl need and must be given the same chance as the non-Jewish for study of their history, culture, thought, achievements and religion, for healthy social intercourse. In short, the Jews must provide for them workers, who shall lead them in pleasure, and places wherein they may have fun or be serious as the occasion demands.

That this can be done is proved by the success of the Hillel Foundation at the University of Illinois, where a year's experiment has prompted the B'nai B'rith to inaugurate at the University of Wisconsin a similar institution for cultural, social and religious

work among the students. The boys and girls want these centers and use them to their capacity. It is now possible to look forward to the day when similar institutions will be provided for the Jewish students at every university where there are Jewish students in sufficient number.

Outcasts

A SERIES of events which no dramatist could have devised with more nicety in building up a dramatic crisis have in actuality succeeded in trapping thousands of persons in foreign cities. These unfortunates are Jews who planned to emigrate to the United States. All of them possess steamship tickets for passage to America and passports bearing the visas of American consular representatives. They are people who severed all the ties binding them to their towns and villages and left their homes in the belief that there was no obstacle in the way of their emigrating to America, only to be halted at the ports of embarkation because a new immigration law had reduced the quotas of their native countries.

What are they to do? In many instances they could not return even if they wished to do so for they have no money for travelling expenses, and what makes their predicament more desperate is the fact that some of the countries from which they have escaped will not permit them to return. They are unable to obtain permission to earn a livelihood in the ports in which they are stranded, and the countries which have temporarily harbored them may at any time order them out because they have become a burden. Where can they go?

Ten thousand such men, women and children are stranded in the ports of Germany, Holland, England, and Roumania. Five thousand are in Cuba, where they emigrated at the persuasion of dishonest agents of steamship companies, who represented to them that once in Cuba the immigrant would find little difficulty in securing permission to enter the United States. Those who believed in this advice are in a particularly dire plight. They cannot speak the language of the country, are suffering from the effects of a great change of climate, are unable to secure employment, or in the

absence of any large native Jewish population, to obtain assistance. In Cuba, as in the other countries where their co-religionists are stranded, they are exposed to great physical and moral dangers.

Recognizing the gravity of this situation and the need for immediate action, the Emergency Committee on Jewish Refugees was formed and is appealing to the Jews of America to come to the aid of these innocent victims. This committee, headed by Louis Marshall, Dr. Stephen S. Wise, and Nathan Miller, representing thirty-three national organizations, unanimously adopted a resolution to raise a fund for the purpose of, first, relieving the acute distress of the refugees, and second, investigating the possibilities of Jewish immigration and settlement in Palestine, Mexico, the non-tropical sections of South America, Australia, and South Africa.

For this purpose \$500,000 is needed, a sum that is not in the least disproportionate to the need or to the proverbial generosity and sympathy of the Jew. No one doubts that the Jews of America will meet this emergency. It is only to be hoped that the fund will be raised quickly since every day's delay increases the suffering of the emigrants.

Remembrance and Atonement

IT is well that men pause to hold an accounting with themselves. In the routine of life much is done heedlessly, thoughtlessly, and much also with malice aforethought. We stumble in our walk through existence like the blind, and many a misstep occurs. The hurt done cannot be recalled, the consequences are untold in their range. Repeated misdeeds would seem to make our souls callous. Past errors appear to be sunken in the recesses of our consciousness as in a deep shaft. But they surge up from below, they force themselves to the surface, they refuse to lose themselves in oblivion. The remotest deed and thought comes back to remembrance. One feels shut up with it as in a prison. In the figurative language of religion, our deeds good and bad, our schemes righteous and unrighteous are entered in the heavenly book of record. On the Day

(Continued on Page 44)

Nachman Passi

A Sixteenth Century Turco-Jewish Statesman

By Harold Berman

THE Middle Ages had not yet ended. The Jewish race, scattered to all points of the compass, was suffering miseries untold in all lands wherein Fate had seen fit to scatter them, especially so in those lands whose inhabitants professed the faith of the lowly Nazarene who supposedly had come in order to bring peace and brotherhood into the world and had, instead, unsheathed a sword that was to turn Europe into one vast Charnel-house and a shambles.

The Crusaders and their dreadful massacres of the innocents were not yet entirely forgotten by the cowed and dispirited descendants of their victims; the remnants of Jewry scattered all over Europe, from the Rhine to the Black Sea. The almost mortal wounds inflicted by these religious zealots upon the body—and spirit as well—of Jewry in most lands of Europe had not yet healed. Jewry yet lay gashed and bleeding at the feet of the zealots, bleeding from many wounds that sorely afflicted her and all but rendered her helpless and hopeless. France and Germany were planning the expulsion of the Jews from their midst, the Spaniards were getting ready to kindle the flames of the auto-da-fe, while the final catastrophe of 1492 was not far off.

At that very time, at that most gloomy and seemingly hopeless period in the history of the Jew, Providence, in its wisdom, was preparing a place of refuge for the scattered and harassed children of Israel in far-off Asia. An obscure and hitherto unknown Mongol tribe, since then become known to the world as the Ottoman or Osmanli, no named after the founder of their dynasty, trekked from Central Asia to Asia minor where they established themselves first as the suzerains and allies of the Seljukian Sultans then reigning in the land, and afterwards as the builders of a great and powerful empire that extended over a goodly portion of the Near and Middle East, as well as considerable portions of Central and Southeastern Europe and Africa.

Urkhan, son of Othman, founder of the original and modest Emirate—the first independent Turkish State—in the month of Ramazan, 1326, Christian Era, conquered the ancient Greek city of Brusa. And here we find the

Ottoman Turks coming in contact, for the first time in the course of their national existence, with the Jews. Indeed, we meet here with a most curious incident. The treaty drawn up with the inhabitants provided that, after the payment to the victors of thirty thousand talents of gold, the inhabitants should all, without distinction, evacuate the town, to which they never again returned, with the exception of the Jews who received a *Firman* that confirmed them in all their rights and even permitted them to erect a synagogue that was more spacious than most other Jewish houses of worship since built in Turkey and, moreover, stood in close proximity to the mosque.

THIS incident properly marked the beginning and furnished the augury of the long and happy intercourse between the children of Israel and the Turks. It properly marked the dawn of a new and bright era in Jewish history, an era that had continued all through the centuries of Ottoman power and down to this very day, and will no doubt continue for a good while to come, despite the tiny cloudlets, no bigger than the hand of man, that at present darken the horizon in the new, nationalist, much-weakened and dominion-shorn, Turkey.

The history of the Jews in Turkey, enjoying ever their full and equal rights before the law, their spiritual autonomy and cultural hegemony, the generous and unrestricted asylum that Turkey furnished to the refugees of all lands, and notably those who escaped from the terrible persecutions and expulsions of the Iberian peninsula, forms practically the only bright chapter in the history of the Jewish people since the Dispersion. It is but necessary to quote in this connection the saying of Sultan Bayazet II, when informed of the Spanish sovereign's decision to expel all the Jews from the land: "You call Ferdinand a wise king, who has made his country poor and enriched ours?"

In this paper it is my purpose to treat, however, not of the Jews of Turkey collectively, but of one Jew—if only by chance of birth and descent—specifically, of one who in his own day, played a surprisingly great and important role in the internal as well as the external, or foreign affairs of

Turkey, in peace as well as in war, in the domestic affairs of the Empire as well as in its diplomacy, and in its intercourse—by no means then, as now, of the love-feast variety—with the Christian Powers of Europe. A man, moreover, who in course of time, became the son-in-law of one Sultan and the brother-in-law of another, of whom the accredited ambassadors and special envoys of the Christian nations speak with respect and fear, and whom the playwrights of the period take, as we have good reason to believe, as the prototype for their fictional creations and characters.

NACHMAN Passi or Paggi, Khalil Pasha, to give his Turkish name, vizier to Murad III and Mohammed III in the last decade of the sixteenth century, leader in the wars with the Christian Coalition (the Pope, King of Spain, Francis V of France and the Venetian Republic), in the wars with the Serbs, Hungarians, Poles and others, and one of the moving spirits in the Turks' attempt to wrest Malata from the hands of the infidels, is not mentioned even by name in any of the Jewish histories known to us. Perhaps this is due to the fact that, like all other men of foreign race and blood who at various periods of Turkish ascendancy guided its destinies and became powerful in the service of the Ottoman Sultans—Venetians, Greeks, Genoese, Croats and others—Passi, or Paggi, became a renegade from Judaism. True, there is no mention anywhere showing that the act of conversion took place; and, indeed, both the envoy of the Emperor Rudolph II, Freidrich von Krekowitz, and the Venetian ambassador refer to him as "the Jew Passi," (see Krekowitz's report to Emperor Rudolph II, dated March 14, 1592. Also the Venetian ambassador's report, Venetian archives, dated July 15, 1591), yet it must be assumed that Passi had duly embraced Mohammedanism before he took service with the Turks, and surely before his marriage to a Princess of the Blood. We know of only one Jew powerful in his day in the affairs of the Turkish Empire—Don Joseph Miques, or Nassi,—who remained a faithful Jew. But then Joseph Nassi was not, strictly speaking, an official of the government. He was merely an influential and intimate

friend of the Sultan and an informal advisor, while Passi, of Khalil, was in his day truly a power in the councils of the Turkish court, the son-in-law of the Sultan Murad III, the scourge and object of fear of the Christian Coalition, the Balkan nations and all others who were just then struggling desperately to break once for all the power of the Turks and all but succeeded in doing so in the naval battle of Lepanto, two decades previously.

If we fail to find any mention of him in the books written by the Jewish historians, we do, however, find references to him in the contemporary correspondence of the ambassadors of the various Christian Powers, who refer to him as "the Jew Passi," giving however, "David" as his first name (this seems to be incorrect. The name "Nachman" as we find it in Von Hammer's "Geschichte der Ottomanschen Reich" is more probably the correct one), while the way in which they speak of him, both before and after his fall, amply proves the manner of a person he was, as well as the magnitude of the power yielded by him in his heyday and glory. Indeed, Von Hammer, after describing most minutely the great pomp and splendor that attended the wedding of Passi, or Khalil, to Sultan Murad's daughter, ends with the remark that "so powerful became, by adjuring the faith of their fathers and by the influence of women, the Genoese and the Aconnan renegades, Cicala and Paggi, also Viziers and son-in-laws of Sultans."

AGAIN, while, thanks to the pains taking account of Von Hammer, we are fairly well acquainted with that part of Passi's life lived after he became the all-powerful Khalil Pasha, we know nothing whatever of his life previous to that great change in his fortunes. We know nothing of his family connections or of his doings in his early years. Even the origin of the name is shrouded in mystery. It may have been derived from the town of Fez in Morocco (we have the name "alfasi" borne by the author of the Codes) and in that event Passi would most likely have been a descendant of those Jews who had sought refuge from the Spanish persecutions in the close-by Moorish settlements in North Africa; or, again, it may be that the name simply is a declension of the Latin word "pax," meaning "peace." At any rate, the name is not unknown among the Turkish Jews of the period. We find an R. Joseph Passi mentioned in the Responsea of R. Abraham Ibn Yain, chap. 57. We also

find it a number of times in the "Koreh Hadorot" of David Comforde (pp 30a, 32b, 33b, 37a, 41b.). From these references, it would appear that the Passi family in Turkey was one distinguished for Talmudic scholarship and learning. And it was a scion of this family of scholarly Jews whom fate had apparently picked to wage Islam's most desperate and stubborn battles against the Christian powers and oppressors of the Jews; to hold off the Christian Coalition of Pope, Spain in her most arrogant and aggressive period, the Emperor of Germany, besides a host of other enemies of his adopted country as well as of his race. This is indeed one of life's most poignant jests, a joke that fate now and then delights in playing on her too self-important and arrogant children.

The period was indeed one of the stormiest in the history of the world, and as far as it concerns Turkey, one that was fraught with ominous forebodings of her future decay. The Christian coalition, which a few years previously, on October 7, 1571, defeated the Turks in the naval battle of Lepanto, a battle from which most historians date the Turkish decline, beheld with alarm the renewed strength of their common foe. The Turks had rebuilt their fleet, had entirely suppressed several successive rebellions among some of their subject races, and were growing aggressive again. Turkey was now threatening to snatch Malta from the English, was looking calmly on at the struggles going on between Spain and England, and, as the British ambassador, Berton, complains, "for seven years the Sultan had sent a yearly letter to Elizabeth promising help against the Spaniards, but beyond this he has done nothing;" (November 2, 1591) but was getting ready for new expeditions into Persia, Hungary and other lands.

A SECOND coalition of the Christian powers now was formed and all Christendom resounded with the clanking of swords and the clash of steel and the battle was on once more between the two opposing forces of Christianity and Mohammedanism, a struggle that was not to be ended decisively till more than three centuries later. The power and influence wielded by the renegade Jew, Passi, who had meanwhile risen to the position of the Aga of the Janissaries and later on to that of Vizier Kaimakam; the part played by him in all this plotting and counter-plotting, in this alternate fighting and negotiations can be

easily gaged from the reading of the contemporary documents to be found in both the Venetian and Austrian archives. On July 15, 1592, we find the Venetian ambassador writing to his home government as follows: "The Grand Vizier has caused the Jew, Passi, to be publicly placed in irons with a chain around his neck in his own home." He escaped, however, to Rhodes in the following September. "His face," says a contemporary, "shows the terror he has gone through." There is also reason to believe that Passi was the prototype of "Barabas" in Marlowe's "The Jew of Malta." "Marlowe's 'Barabas,'" says Tucker Brook, "is a blend of contemporary rumor and imaginative improvisation, growing out of the vague talk—particularly in the early part of 1591—concerning the mysterious David Passi and the future of Malta." "This Jew," says Arthur Symons, "wandered over Europe; he was involved in the Turkish designs on Malta; he pursued a boggling policy, playing off the Turk against the Christian after the fashion of Marlowe's 'Barabas.'" Marlowe's friends Sir Walter Raleigh and Walsingham, were likely to have known of these happenings, while Raleigh was the founder of the "Mermaid" tavern where all the three, beside a host of other adventurous spirits, were wont to foregather and exchange the gossip of the world, besides discussing poetry and kindred matters.

This temporary misadventure did not evidently end the career of Passi, as we find him during the same year appointed the Aga, or Supreme Commander, of the Janissaries, that most dreaded and fierce body of troops that were ever the terror of the people of Turkey. This happened after three successive rebellions, resulting in murder of the viziers and their commanders, by those fierce and undisciplined troops, while a few brief years later (in December, 1595) he was married, in the midst of unprecedeted pomp and splendor, to a daughter of Sultan Murad III, and raised to *Kapudan-pasha* and to vizier Kaimakam, after the ascension to the throne of his successor, Mohammed III, Passi's brother-in-law.

The last that we hear of Passi, or Khalil, is in the year 1600 when he intervened to save the life of the threatened Jewess Esther Keira,—the favorite of the Sultana Valide—and her four sons from an infuriated mob of rioting sipahis or regular soldiers. The end, even as the beginning, of this remarkable man is still shrouded in deep mystery.

News in Views:

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Lorain, Ohio, August 6th, 1924

Mr. A. Kraus,
President, Independent Order of B'nai B'rith,
Philadelphia, Pa.

My dear Mr. Kraus,

May we acknowledge your check for Ten Thousand Dollars for the relief of the tornado sufferers of Lorain. The need here is urgent and we appreciate your liberal help most sincerely.

We want to assure you that every dollar of your contribution will be spent with care for actual relief since the National Red Cross has taken over all overhead incident to the disaster.

Although we have long been familiar with the reputation of the B'nai B'rith for constructive helpfulness yet we are deeply touched by your generous gift to the homeless in this City.

Very truly yours,
Henry M. Baker
Henry M. Baker,
Director.

HMB/HR



Dr. Nathaniel Reich is shown here with a few of the ancient manuscripts of which he is assistant curator and reader in the University of Philadelphia Museum. Dr. Reich can read and speak fifty different languages and is one of the four translators of Demotic in the world. He reads Hieratic, Syrian, Sogdian, Skhauri and other languages of which most people do not even know the names.



This letter is an acknowledgment of the ten thousand dollars presented by the Independent Order of B'nai B'rith to the American Red Cross for the benefit of the sufferers from the recent tornado in and around Lorain, Ohio. The picture shows Mr. Louis Goldstein presenting the B'nai B'rith check to Major Henry M. Baker of the Red Cross.

The gentleman to the right is M. Gaston Doumergue, president of France. In his youth President Doumergue was the secretary of a Jewish community in Algiers.



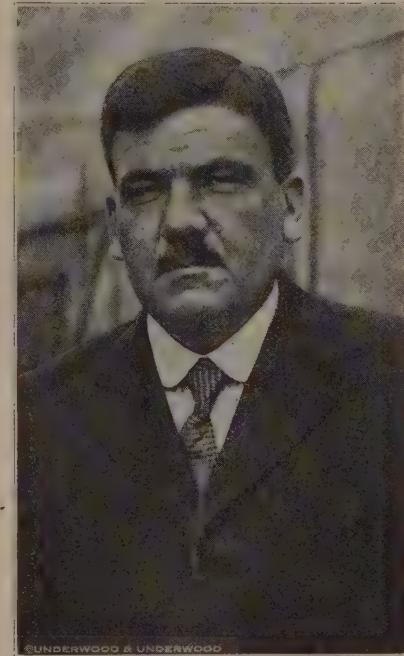
The B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundation, two new Chicago temples, the B'nai B'rith and the American Red Cross, and some interesting personages



Sinai Temple (to the left) in Champaign, Ill., is also the chapel of the B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundation of the University of Illinois. A second Hillel Foundation has this year been established by the B'nai B'rith at the University of Wisconsin.



These two beautiful buildings are the new homes of two Chicago Congregations dedicated on September 5 and September 12, respectively. Dr. Tobias Schanfarber and Dr. Solomon B. Freehof are the rabbis of the former; Dr. Joseph Stoltz and Dr. Gerson Levi, the rabbis of the latter.



General Plutarco Elias Calles, president-elect of Mexico, who welcomes Jewish immigration to his country.



The Printed Page

A Philosophic Work on Prejudice

By Morris Fishbein

Race Prejudice, by Jean Finot. Translated by Florence Wade-Evans. (E. P. Dutton and Company.)

THIS French philosopher is a firm believer in international and inter-racial friendship and he defends his thesis strongly bringing to his support all of the accumulated knowledge of anthropology and socialogy that the last few decades have evolved. He laughs to scorn rightly the arguments of the proponents of that school of thought that believes that the width or length of the skull is the determining element in producing high civilizations.

M. Finot, like many other French authorities in the erudite subjects, writes with a fine flair for a clever expression.

"Man has grown morally and intellectually, but he is only after all, a great man."

"We are without doubt free to progress, but only like a goat tied to a post browsing within the range of the circumference."

" . . . it is dangerous to nourish oneself beyond certain limits fixed by nature. Each excess compromises our organism. As our nourishment is subordinated to our faculty of assimilation so do all our intellectual and physical efforts depend on the circumscribed capacities of our organism. Giants constitute pathological cases, as certain geniuses border on neurosis and insanity."

"In one word, the term race is only a product of our mental activities, the work of our intellect, and outside all reality."

The entire thesis of M. Finot points to a distinction between patriotism and our conception of races. "France," he says, "believed for centuries to be Gallic is suddenly revealed to be Germanic! Must we under these circumstances embrace our German brothers, and at the same time espouse German hatreds and sympathies? . . . The true conception of humanity, . . . is . . a high expression of community of ideals and of moral and material interests."

When, in a few paragraphs here and

there in his large book, M. Finot considers the Jews he shows at once his comprehension of the fact that the Jew in every land becomes quickly similar to the others of the land except in so far as he differs in religion and the extent to which he practices his religion. Pointing out that the Jews who are today regarded as a pacific people *par excellence* were formerly a warlike nation, and indeed played the part of mercenaries, being distinguished for their courage and fidelity, he takes up the influence of climate and environment on the Jews of today.

"The same Jews, according to ethnical psychologists, possess the power of being able to resist all climates. But this pathological peculiarity, which is always mentioned in descriptions of them, is only due to the special hygienic conditions of their life. Their religion, their customs, their isolation, their persecution, their temperate habits and so many other conditions of their existence help them to resist diseases which are deadly to other peoples owing to intemperance and improvidence. . . . It has been shown elsewhere that the Israelites who have experienced the influence of the surrounding *milieu* morally and intellectually, and who have adopted the manners of their environment, lose at once the benefit of this exceptional virtue and enter into the common law."

The reader who is interested in the fundamental aspects of race prejudice will find this a most important contribution to the literature of the subject. The author is influenced by the patriotism of France to a considerable extent, but he thinks clearly and is willing, on occasion, to cite his own political prejudices against himself.

Poetry

A Half Century of Sonnets, by Gustav Davidson. (Nicholas L. Brown.)

THESE fifty poems are by a young Jewish immigrant born in Warsaw and now living on the east side of New York. The subject matter is varied and the medium of the sonnet serves to express the author's many moods. The twenty-nine year old poet gives promise of finer things to come. The present collection is uneven, the language at times, obscure, but his talent is evident. The author is most felicitous when he is least oppressed by seriousness.

F. L.

Literary Paintings

A Gallery, by Philip Guedalla. (Constable and Company, London.)

THE curse of cleverness has been the snare of many promising writers. Facility and the gift of turning a neat phrase have probably been as productive of easy and vigorous pot-boiling as the commonly credited necessity for the contents of the pot. Even the writer whose pot boils over another than literary flame—he "clever"—at least shares the misfortune of being read less for the sake of what he says than for the sake of how he says it.

To some extent Philip Guedalla suffers from this affliction. He is the kind of fellow who causes one to become a nuisance to family and friends by virtue of arousing a constant and seldom suppressed desire to insist "let me read you this sentence," and "wait a minute, there's a fine line in this book that you must hear." "Very clever," say the family and friends; "what book did you get that from; what's it all about?" "What's it all about?" you say by way of answer. "Oh, I don't know; it doesn't matter. Here's another epigram; isn't it a peach?" To be sure this situation is more acute in America than in Mr. Guedalla's native England. There the brilliance of his style is apt, fortunately, to be somewhat obscured by the reader's interest in his home-grown subjects; while here, where we think distinctions between the characters of Stanley Baldwin and Ramsey MacDonald will make little difference to us a hundred years from now, we prefer to chuckle over Mr. Guedalla's premises rather than argue with his conclusions; what do we care, is our attitude, what his estimate of Mr. Baldwin may be when that subject inspires such comments as:

" . . . thwarted longings are an invariable indication of political aptitude; perhaps it has some unpleasant explanation in psycho-analysis. Mr. Disraeli, who died in politics at seventy-six, craved only for the conversation of his fellow-farmers in Buckinghamshire. Lord Palmerston, who died in office at eighty, was believed to know no pleasure except in Hampshire. And Mr. Gladstone, who only retired at eighty-five in deference to the failure of eyes and ears and the successful persuasion of his united colleagues, found his sole happiness in the crash

of falling trees at Hawarden. The English always prefer someone, who is something, to be really something else: this is called the amateur tradition, and is a sure safeguard against the grave menace of professionalism."

"A Gallery" is hung with portraits of a number of British statesmen and eminent writers, historical vignettes, and bright hued landscapes. A sketch of Fez is a little like one of the unforgettable Sargeant water-colors of a tropical scene, exquisite in composition, vivid, sometimes just a little more real than reality. The sketch begins:

"Somewhere in the town a drum was throbbing. The little pulse of sound seemed to go straight up in the silence over the city, like a tall thread of wood smoke into a windless sky. But all round the great place lay out in the still sunshine; and the grey hills, where the olive-trees climb up into the Middle Atlas, looked down on Fez. There is something a little alarming about a city without a sound. When one stands above a town in the West, there is always a striking of clocks, a dull thunder of wheels, or the sudden yell of an engine. But down in the little streets, which wind through Fez, there is no traffic beyond men on foot and sheeted women and the faint click of ambling mules and little donkeys that brush their loads against the walls on either side. That is why scarcely a sound drifts up, as you look out across the city." Then the sultan comes to Fez, and the last paragraph tells: "Pennons, black faces, scarlet tunics took the procession to the border-line opera. There was a pause; and a band launched into the ceremonial discords that are reserved for royal ears. The crowd was roaring in the square; and when it paused for breath the shrill *you-you-you*, which squeals for victory or drives men on to kill, came from the women in their corner. The French guns spoke slowly from the battery; and down in the road, at the center of the din, a grave bundle of white linen moved deliberately through the noise and watched with unseeing eyes the prostrations of anxious Kais. For the Sultan had come into his city of Fez."

No apology is made for the length of the above quotation (after all, why should not the author write his own review; give you a sample of his wares that you may form your own judgment?); is it not a charming bit as well as a demonstration of the contention that Philip Guedalla is not all style—decidedly not? His portraits are brilliant and all too convincing because they tend to convince us against our own—and better because our own

—judgment. We may disagree with him violently in his estimate of Galsworthy, Anatol France, Conrad and the rest, and yet the next day we find ourselves, consciously or unconsciously, quoting him. We are always suspecting that he is patronizing us, and often he does, but with an engaging smile that conciliates us before we have had time to be really annoyed. His persuasive manner and his logic are dangerous weapons; the prospective reader is hereby warned.

Apologia

The Jews in the Making of America.
by George Cohen. (The Stratford Company.)

OF THE making of books about the Jew there is really no end. This latest volume is another apology for the Jew, and another account of his valued achievements in America, no worse than its many predecessors in the same field, perhaps even a bit better. Were there not a whole library on the same subject already at our disposal, this volume would be a welcome addition.

Perhaps it is for the sake of completeness that the Knights of Columbus have issued this volume in their Racial Contribution Series. In view of the fact that the "foreigner," the hyphenated citizen (the hyphen is not of his own choosing but is thrust upon him) of other than Anglo-Saxon origin or Nordic descent has received so much unfavorable comment and has become the victim in certain quarters of a narrow, national bigotry and chauvinistic, self-sufficiency, the interests of truth demand a just estimate of each section of the immigrant population—as to its history, aims, achievements and value for America.

Mr. Cohen has done this last task well for the Jew. He has for the most part refrained from displaying pride in the Jews, but has let the facts speak for themselves as they should in a sober historical chronicle. He has shown the great part the Jew has played in the discovery of America: that he aided Columbus; that a portion of the crew, including the doctor, were Jewish; that scientific, in addition to financial aid came to the Genoese navigator from the Jews of Spain, whose motives might have been inspired by the hope that a new country might be found where the Jews could flee from the persecutions of Castille and the inhospitality of the remainder of Europe.

And subsequent history has fully justified their expectations. The early Colonial history of the Jew, his participation in all the wars is quickly sketched by the author, his contribu-

tion to the commercial and cultural development of the United States is dwelt upon. Congress has been dilatory in paying back the debt of money which Haym Salomon raised for Robert Morris thus saving the cause of the Revolution, and few persons ever give credit for the fact that the sons of Israel have played a part in the industrial, economic and artistic development of the republic. But one questions whether people are ever moved by facts, whether they will ever cease reading history with their prejudices instead of open minds. There is an excellent chapter on the psychology of the Jew so prone to extremes, dreamer of dreams and most eminently practical at the same time.

The book establishes its thesis that the Jew has been here from the first, has given of himself at all times and has always had the welfare of his country uppermost in his heart. He has made a fine citizen and gives no cause for the suspicion that his co-religionists who are now denied admittance will not prove equally worthy of citizenship and will not contribute far beyond their number to the general advance and progress of the country.

The book is supplied with a number of useful statistical tables, and although an occasional inaccuracy can be detected, on the whole the author has done his task well, and we hope the book will find a deserved popularity among the Gentiles. F. L.

Jewish Philanthropy

An Historical Survey of Jewish Philanthropy, by Ephraim Frisch. (The Macmillan Company.)

DR. FRISCH, who submitted the volume before us to the faculty of Columbia University, as a doctor's thesis, has done therein a bit of necessary and useful literary work. There is no similar work in the English language; and while the bibliography on the subject of Jewish charity is enormous, a historical survey was conspicuously lacking.

The author gives us a readable and accurate account of Jewish philanthropy from biblical and rabbinic times down to the nineteenth century, gleaned from the Jewish literary sources: the Bible, apocrypha, talmud, codes, ethical treatises, and so on.

While the Jew, until the modern period of political emancipation, could never control in any measure the sources of poverty, he always did his best to alleviate its results, so that the highly organized modern bureaus of philanthropic service with their many branches and numerous activities are a direct outgrowth of the various means of organized and unorganized

public relief that the Jews created to fill a need. While there is no direct evidence that there was any machinery for public relief before the beginning of the common era, it is highly probable that such existed in the Temple. In the first century there is record of organized relief work during a famine at Jerusalem. Since then there has been no interruption. Every synagogue and every Jewish community made provision to help the poor, to care for the sick, to bury the dead, to join families whose members were separated, to care for the orphan and widow, etc., usually in a most efficient and humane manner. Jewish philanthropic legislation was never marred by the cruelties evident in the former English Poor Laws, and the degradation practiced on the continent.

Today the administration of philanthropy is a science, to which the Jew has contributed much and if our objection be prevention rather than conviction, this, too, we owe to the Jew. Kindness, to be sure, is not an exclusively Jewish virtue, but the fact remains that those who have put it into most frequent and universal practice have been Jews.

We regret that space does not permit us to quote or to go into detail. We will content ourselves by adding that Dr. Frisch has done an important piece of research, the results of which ought to be known to everyone. We recommend this very readable book to a wide circle of readers.

F. L.

A Visit to Palestine

A Springtide in Palestine, by Mme. Myriam Harry. (Houghton Mifflin Co.)

MME. HARRY is a Christian native of Palestine, who, after living in France for many years, where she was engaged in literary work, decided to visit again the land of her birth. This book gives us her impressions of the new land now being claimed and reclaimed for the Jews by their pioneers. She visited colony after colony, inspected the work of reclamation of the almost arid soil in most places, which is gradually converting a desert into gardens and orchards. She saw the schools, the university, the libraries, the theaters, and other creations of the spirit. She heard the Hebrew language, which she believed dead, revived and used by young and old as a living tongue that could express every intricacy of thought and every shade of emotion; she was able to catch the spirit that animates the new generation in Zion, and she has come away enthusiastic, and has put her admiration and her

thrill into the book. She has caught what Zion means to the pioneer-idealistic, who by day breaks stones for roads, and by night improvises and participates in concerts, lectures and artistic enterprises, and she conveys this knowledge and this emotion to the reader.

It is impossible not to be moved in reading the glowing recital of her experiences in Tiberias or Jerusalem. Everywhere she got "under the skin" of the people and was able to penetrate into their souls, to see their secret thoughts, their noble ambitions, their genuine love for Palestine. Mme. Harry has become converted, and is as ardent a Zionist as is any member of the Central Committee. The book is a tonic which we recommend to all Jews—it is indeed a breath of spring.

The book has suffered in translation, though this has succeeded well in keeping the glow and the poetry of the original French. Mme. Harry's unfamiliarity with Jewish custom and tradition has caused her to make many slight mistakes, the most glaring of which is her reference to Levites, which do not exist as a class except in the old synagogue for certain ceremonial occasions.

Yet despite its faults, (and these include occasional bad English,) the book burns with a love for Zion and for the Jews there, in whom she sees hope for the restoration of their own homeland, the re-habilitation of their self-respect. She leads us to believe that Zion may indeed become, through the results achieved by the Jews' sacrifice and heroism for it, a light to the nations.

F. L.

Communist Russia

Under the Red Flag, by Richard Eaton. (Brentano's.)

TWO sides of life in present-day Russia are vividly described in "Under the Red Flag," by Richard Eaton. Mr. Eaton, an American newspaper correspondent, saw both the pseudo-prosperous Russia that is exhibited to foreigners, especially influential foreigners, and the unhappy Russia of the poor Russian and the wretches in the prisons. The discrepancies between the various pictures of Russia that are constantly being brought to America are explained by the fact every effort is made by the communist to hide real conditions from the foreigner; the alien can obtain every luxury; for him prices are low, travel made easy and pleasant, every thing is done to create in his mind a favorable impression of Russia. That is, unless, like Mr. Eaton, he is clapped in prison

for no apparent reason. Mr. Eaton's experiences in Russian prisons, his observations on conditions in that country, make a very entertaining narrative as well as interesting testimony.

Book for Jewish Blind

ANNOUNCEMENT is made by the National Council of Jewish Women that its prayer book for the Jewish blind, printed in braille, will be ready for publication at an early date. The material for this prayer book is being gathered under the direction of Mrs. Joshua Piza of New York City, former National Chairman of the Council's Committee on Blind. Mrs. Piza has been very widely associated with organizations devoted to the needs of the blind, as well as with movements interested in sight conservation.

As soon as this book is ready for distribution, Mrs. Max Bloomstein of Nashville, Tenn., present Chairman of the Council's Committee on Blind, will make it available to the local committees of the National Council of Jewish Women, as well as to the chaplains and Jewish communal workers who minister to the welfare of the Jewish blind. This will be the first book of its kind.

The Council has already issued its first publication in this series for the Jewish handicapped, the prayer book for the Deaf having been prepared by Mrs. Sidney M. Stern of Philadelphia, during her Chairmanship of the Council's Committee for the Deaf. Her prayer book has been found very helpful and inspirational in the city of Philadelphia where the Philadelphia Section has carried on a very complete religious program for the deaf Jewish adults and Jewish youth.

Other publications offered to the Jewish public under the auspices of the National Council of Jewish Women, are "The Course of Study on Jewish Prayer," edited by Celia S. Levy of Chicago, and "An Introduction to Jewish Music," by A. Irma Cohen of Cincinnati. These publications have been used not alone by Council Sections, but by many Jewish organizations.

A new volume on the Council press is "The Tower of David," by Elma Ehrlich Levinger. This book contains a series of stories reflecting the Jewish life of America in a wide variety of spheres. It also offers suggestions for the programs of women's organizations. Some of the material included in the book is suitable for presentation and for reading at public meetings.

Lively Reminiscences

Uncensored Recollections, Anonymous.
(J. B. Lippincott Company.)

A WOMAN who was very much interested in architecture and had an infinite curiosity about people and the way they lived once said that Pompeii was the most delightful city in the world because there every door was open to the curious. So the person who enjoys gossip should find "Uncensored Recollections" a very delightful book, because it opens the private doors into the lives of hundreds of famous persons.

Out of deference to those who take offense at the term "gossip" one may substitute "informal history" or "rambling reminiscences" or the like. For what is gossip concerning the social nonentity is biography when told of the aristocrat; and what is biographical data during the aristocrat's life-time often becomes history after he is dead. Nevertheless, "Uncensored Recollections" is a facile, discursive recital of lively, though minor, events in the lives of a great many persons; such a recital as you or I might give to an old and interested friend whom we had not seen for some time. The fact that the anonymous author prattles of kings and queens, princes, dukes, generals, ambassadors and other personages does not alter the analogy but only serves to make his recital interesting to thousands of persons as opposed to your or my one or two listeners.

The book is then, I maintain, of

interest to those persons who like to know intimate things about people. But it is also interesting to those who believe that there is more significance in a king's breakfast menu than his formal remarks at a banquet of state—a tenable hypothesis—and particularly to those whose knowledge of the history of the Victorian period in France and England is nicely rounded out by these informal details.

The author, in addition to having a remarkable memory—there are occasional, but not very serious, lapses—is endowed with keen wit and appreciation and sense of dramatic situation. His recollections are told in a sprightly and interesting manner.

A proportionately large amount of space is devoted to Disraeli of whom he writes: "When I have watched him at a dinner table, it has seemed to me sometimes as if I could almost see him taking counsel from some spirit friend. Even now I can hardly bring myself to believe Disraeli was merely human, just ordinary flesh and blood. . . . He had everything against him; his nationality, the calling to which he was articled, his appearance, his lack of public school training, his utter ignorance of all kinds of manly exercises and sports, his want of means, his ignorance of the ways and customs of society, and yet he very distinctly 'got there,' and nevertheless, and notwithstanding all that he was in himself very certainly *not* a man of genius. When he wrote *The Young Duke* and the several social blunders in it were

brought to the notice of his father, old Isaac said with a grin—"Duke! Why, God bless him! Ben's never seen a Duke! . . . And oddly enough, Disraeli, despite all his absence of breeding and the usual bringing up of a gentleman, and with all his absurd artificialities and theatrical tricks, was most unquestionably a gentleman; which is more than can be said of many of the statesmen of his (and our present) time, certainly, for example, not of Palmerston who, when, Brummell, Consul at Caen, very honestly and truly said he thought a consulate there was needless, and abolished it, never gave the poor dandy another berth, but let him die in want and penury tended only by Sisters of Charity. Disraeli would never have been guilty of such heartless neglect. He was kind, generous and grateful; and it is what our American cousins call a 'hoary chestnut' how when the then rudest man in England said to him—'I've been looking at your wife, Ben, and I can't for the life of me understand what sentiment she can possibly inspire you with,' he replied—'A sentiment quite foreign to your nature, Bernal; Gratitude!'"

The foregoing extract is a fair example of the style of "Uncensored Recollections." The events recollected are varied indeed and cover a large range of human thoughts and emotions; the persons recollected range from the royal families of France and England down to their stable boys; and there is not a dull page in all the three hundred, twenty-eight.

Magazine Digest

Kidding the Klan

IT IS usually safe to say that a danger is past or at least very greatly reduced when we are able to laugh at it; and at the same time one hearty burst of laughter is apt to be as effective as the bursting of a number of bombs. An illustration of this principal is the Ku Klux number of *Judge* which was more forceful than any dozen editorials or sermons. Swinging from biting satire to pure humor *Judge* has inaugurated the new game of Kidding the Klan that should become a popular indoor and outdoor sport for persons of all ages.

The cover design of this number is a drawing of a head covered with a white hood and mask, entitled, "The Little Boy Who Used to Hide Behind His Mother's Skirts." On the first page is a:

NOTICE TO KLANSMEN—In case of ire, WALK, do not run, to the nearest Judge office. This office, with every seat occupied can be emptied in three seconds.

Two Klansmen, who according to the accompanying illustration, are resting under the boughs of a sturdy tree apparently waiting for the excitement to begin, are reported to have held the following conversation:

First Hooded Gentleman—Hear y' got held up last night, Bill. Who done it?

Second Hooded Gentleman—Dunno. Th' coward wore a mask!

Ralph Barton presents a delightful pictorial prospectus for the Klan. A few of the scenes in a Ku Kluxed Kountry show how the masked brethren "hope soon to be in a position to supervise matrimonial selection among

good Americans" by presiding over marriage license offices; "to reorganize un-American park bench wooing" by limiting kisses to three seconds and having a klansman behind each bench with a stop-watch and a mallet; "to relieve Henry Ford of the task of smelling the breath of his employees as they come to work in the morning;" and "to hang every foreigner in New York City. Join the gang and raise hell safely!" The last picture shows a city street that is deserted except for the lone figure of a man in klan regalia waving an American flag apparently in celebration of the broken windows in the buildings, these being the only signs of former life in the place.

It appears that reporters for *Judge* have scoured the country. Here is a bit of dialog collected by them that has a southern flavor:

"Sister Bones, who was that gen'leman I seed y' talkin' to las' night?"

"Gwan! Dat wan't no gen'leman! Dat was a nordic!"

A sketch of an interesting interior that will not be reproduced in *House and Garden* shows a masked lady and a masked gentleman pursuing each other in a room charmingly decorated with clubs, bombs, daggers and whips. A final touch of novelty is having the lady suspend the gentleman from the chandelier by a rope tied around his

doesn't exactly fancy the hooded order. This isn't strictly true. The Klan, if its hatreds were directed against the proper objects, might prove an extremely valuable social agency.

"For instance, if it would only concentrate its venom against the bill boards strung along country roads, what patriotic motorist, anxious to get acquainted with his country, wouldn't applaud the move? Can Klansmen have thought what marvelous targets those billboards would make for a ma-

Colonies, the several States, and finally by our National Government.

"According to the Articles of Confederation formulated by the American Colonies, all free inhabitants except 'paupers,' 'vagabonds,' and 'fugitives from justice' were welcome to come and settle in this new country. These exceptions were necessary, for, by English law, the expenses of any paupers wishing to emigrate were paid by the parish in which they resided. . . . Not only were paupers sent from England, but as early as 1786 it was found that convicts were being landed at Baltimore and other points. . . .

"Eventually it became necessary for all the Colonies to. . . . impose penalties upon masters of vessels for bringing paupers or persons convicted of crimes into their provinces."

When after 1852 the immigration from Germany began to exceed the heretofore dominant British immigration racial antipathies arose, and eventually "crystallized into nativism. In principle it declared, first, that any person of foreign birth was unfitted for citizenship until time had obliterated his active interest in the motherland from which he came, and, second, that any member of the Roman Catholic Church was unfitted for citizenship as being obedient to an extra-territorial ruler."

Through the efforts of the nativists a special congressional committee was appointed to investigate the question of immigration. This committee discovered that many of the immigrants were paupers and criminals, and a bill was presented to Congress, but not considered, proposing a fine or imprisonment for any master who transported to the United States, certain types of undesirables. In the '40s and '50s the Know-Nothing party revived this phase of the nativist movement, but both the party and its agitation soon subsided.

"In the early '60s," the writer continues, "sentiment throughout the States became more liberal and tended strongly toward a policy of unrestricted immigration. . . . We read in a Congressional document of the time: 'Let us throw open wide the doors of this Republic and invite the oppressed, the earnest and honest people of all nations to come.' . . ." However, "in 1874, an investigation conducted by the Department of State proved that foreign officials were deporting convicts, paupers, idiots, insane and others incapable of self-support."

Up to this time "the control of immigration was still left entirely to the



The Suspect

(From Judge)

neck. A revolver in her hand suggests that she is about to use him for target practice. The caption for this drawing, so complete with suggestions, is: "Well, it certainly makes a humdrum domestic row more picturesque and interesting if you belong to the Klan and your wife to the Kamelia."

The Klan inspired John Held, Jr., to turn his talents to designing women's attire. The Klan bathing suit and the afternoon frock "with a matching hood" for the Pekinese are extremely interesting; but Mr. Held's genius has found its true expression in the designs for Follies costumes, with the hoods worn on the knees.

In order that none may mistake the attitude of *Judge* toward the Klan the editors have this serious statement to make:

"After what has appeared from time to time on this page and elsewhere in the magazine on the subject of the Ku Klux Klan, the constant reader (and possibly the other two also) may have got the impression that *Judge*

chine-gun; or how much improved they'd be with a coat of tar; or what bonfires they would kindle at night, piled against a background of green hills?

"Come on, Klansmen, up and at 'em! If you destroy enough billboards, perhaps the billboard people will put you out of business. And that will be a double gain."

Immigration

A BRIEF history of the movements for the restriction of immigration into the United States is given by Walter Lewis Treadway in the September issue of *Current History*. While it is not difficult to determine the writer's personal views he makes no attempt to argue the question of restriction but states simply the historical facts.

"Since the development of the first settlements in the North American Continent efforts to prevent the introduction of undesirable elements into the population have been made by the

jurisdiction of the separate States. The problem, however, was fast growing beyond the control of the states, and frequent requests were made for national aid of some sort. It eventually came in 1876, when, by a decision of the Supreme Court, all State laws relating to immigration were declared unconstitutional and the authority for its regulation declared vested in the Federal Government alone."

The first Federal immigration law provided for the "exclusion of idiots and persons likely to become public charges. In addition, a head tax of fifty cents was imposed upon each alien landing at United States ports. This money was to be used to defray the expenses of regulating immigration."

While this law was modified a number of times to correct deficiencies it was not greatly changed until "a more comprehensive immigration act was passed in 1907, repealing . . . all previous acts. Stricter measures were taken to prevent the importation of undesirables and the head tax was increased to \$4. . . . Even this law was not adequate, however, for the problem of immigration was becoming more and more a problem of great national importance. In 1911 the United States Immigration Commission was appointed. It made an intensive study of immigration and published a report that was not only voluminous and illuminating, but which remains one of the most important official documents dealing with the migration of peoples. In February, 1917, largely resulting from the work of this commission, the act of 1907 was broadened in scope. The new law made far-reaching provisions for the deportation of those having been sentenced to terms of imprisonment for crimes involving more turpitude, and those becoming public charges within five years after landing. It excluded the insane, idiots, imbeciles, feeble-minded, chronic alcoholics, constitutional psychopathic inferiors, the mentally defective whose defect would affect their ability to earn a living, and others with loathsome or dangerous contagious diseases. The head tax was increased to \$8, and all aliens over 16 years of age were required to have a reading knowledge of some language.

"During the World War, agitation developed for definitely limiting immigration to the United States. This sentiment became even more general after the cessation of hostilities. Finally the House of Representatives passed a bill for the temporary suspension of all immigration. The Sen-

ate amended this by substituting the so-called 'per centum limit plan of restriction,' which, is too familiar to need to be summarized here."

Prejudice

OUR duties nowadays are considerably matters of business, involving prudence, calculation, cool minds, but also courage and good will," writes Edward S. Martin in an article entitled, "The War Against Prejudice," in the September issue of *Harper's Magazine*. "The world has enormous prejudices to get over. We need so much—almost all peoples need so much—to see other folks as they are and not as we traditionally expect them to be. Think of the row about the Ku Klux in the Democratic Convention. What extraordinary prejudices and credulities are behind it. What can you think of people who suppose it is true that the Roman Catholics bury a gun under a church whenever a boy child is born? Perhaps something will be done in the campaign now proceeding to let the light into dark places like that. That is what presidential campaigns should be for—to let light into dark places, scare bugaboos out of their lairs, make the truth evident even in politics. Not all campaigners will contribute to that, but some will, and discussion in general will contribute to it. Part of the business of campaigning is to nail lies, and if that is done with due energy it may accomplish something.

"There seems to be a passion in this country at this time to regulate other persons' lives. Folks moved by the sense of this duty organize amazingly to discharge it. They seem, as a rule, to be in the main pretty good people, who want to improve human life and are very solicitous for the welfare of the United States as they see it."

The outstanding work of such people is the eighteenth amendment, and now that that has been accomplished "they seem eager to go on and regulate religion in the same way, and also education. They see life as a group of facts. They see that drunkenness is bad. They see that religion is good. They believe that their own particular brand of religion is best. They see that it is useful to have certain things taught in schools. They disapprove of great inequalities of fortune and great differences in social station. They would abolish those things. They would undertake by law the regulation of child life and especially of child labor, a thing which can and should be done to a certain extent, but which should not be carried to an extreme.

Our fellow citizens of this disposition seem to have no philosophy of life and a very limited understanding of the philosophy of the Christian religion. Most of them are good enough and wise enough to regulate their own lives but not nearly wise enough to regulate the lives of other people. They seem to have slight appreciation of what liberty of conduct means or what its relation is to the development of character. They appreciate the power of the Constitution to curb practices or regulate habits; they seem not to appreciate its value as a defense of human rights. Indeed, they go about busily to destroy that value wherever it conflicts with their own ideas. These regulating people, who do not see where the line should run that applies law to conduct, are the worst bugaboo of the present hour. The Grand Master of the lot of them is Brother Bill Bryan, who has what seems good intentions, a sincere belief in some invaluable truths, and a mind incapable of suspecting the existence of other truths which are necessary to the prosperity of the very ones he sees. What saves Mr. Bryan as a political influence is that he is so considerably Christianized. His heart usually works better than his head. His opinions are often wrong but his political instincts are apt to be right. And he is not a malignant. He does not hate folks who disagree with him, and he does not harbor malice.

"What our country needs just now is a great expositor of the liberal spirit, a master mind which understands that live and let live go together, and that we cannot be free ourselves and at the same time practice to take away freedom from others. The old slogan that the same chain binds the master and the slave is perfectly applicable to these imperious regulators who threaten us with so much trouble. In so far as they invade the reasonable liberties of other people they lose their own. When will they wake up to that idea? When will they acquire understanding enough to determine what liberties are reasonable? When will they learn that we are all living more or less in error, and can live in no other way except as we learn wisdom by experience? When will they learn that to impose their own errors on their neighbors does not necessarily do their neighbors any good?

The air seems to be full of delusions about other people, and especially of the delusion that you can make other people good by forbidding them to do what you do not yourself approve of. The real way to help other people is

not to compel them to do what you think is right, but to live yourself in such a fashion as to better the lives of the people with whom you come in contact. If you can live reasonably well, helpfully, intelligently, you may do some good just by living. The country's strength is not in its prodigious outfit of stick-at-nothing reformers, whether hooded or not, whether oath bound or not, but in the number of its people who manage to live pretty good lives, to be kind, to be long-suffering, to be dutiful, and who recognize their neighbors at home and abroad and are ready to help them."

Assimilation in Mexico

THE paradox of a country where the Jews are hated theoretically and welcomed in actual practice is presented in an article entitled "The Jew in Mexico" by Anita Brenner in the *Nation* of August 27. According to Miss Brenner the Mexican thinks of the Jews as horned and tailed demons who are all "either damned or in Jerusalem." And yet in the population of Mexico City there are thousands of Jews. The reason for this strange situation is that the Mexicans do not call these people Jews, but merely foreigners.

"The Eastern Jews," Miss Brenner writes, "practically monopolize the silk and rug markets. The old-timer, usually a French, German, English, or Spanish Jew, is to be found in the big businesses, the banks, the importing and exporting houses, the mines and haciendas. The educated newcomer from Germany, Russia, England, is a doctor, a lawyer, a teacher. In the foremost ranks of labor leaders are found Jews; doing scientific research work are Jews; Jews hold important and highly trustworthy government positions. . . .

"The Jew is everywhere, but astoundingly unperceived. He is never known as a *Judio* to Mexicans, and often he is incognito to his own people. Because he likes Mexico and its people he very rapidly identifies himself with it. . . . He makes his home Mexican, and he speaks Spanish, dropping his comfortable Yiddish even within the family. And in a startlingly short time he has become part of the country he has adopted. . . .

"It is practically an historical axiom that the Jew thrives on prejudice, on persecution; tolerated, he loses the intensity of his race consciousness, tends to disseminate and assimilate. But in Mexico the assimilation of the Jew is more than a tendency, it is the

key of his future in the new land. Not only does the Jewish tradition of race preservation struggle—if one may put it so—against a wholly unexpected tolerance; it is completely disconcerted, undermined, by the Mexican attitude of indifference. And, somehow, there hardly seems any point in being a Jew and declaring so passionately when no one prohibits it. The whole procedure becomes a little ridiculous."

The Mexicans, the writer says, are tolerant, not only religiously, but also socially. And since the Mexican does not despise the Jew, the Jew does not despise the Mexican; with the result that the two, drifting closer and closer together, in time become almost indistinguishable. "Gradually, unconsciously, because by outsiders they are not considered primarily Jews, they themselves forget the all-embracing character of their religion. They drift, hardly realizing where, and not particularly concerned.

"There is even a strong element which does understand the nature of the disintegration that is going on and which is glad of it. . . . But whatever the opinion. . . . the situation exists; it is part of the social reorganization of Mexico. It is explainable and inevitable. Even did the Jews not wish themselves acclimatized, adapted, and molded into the future Mexico, they would be powerless to prevent it. A synagogue and a rabbi could serve only retardation purposes. Intermarriage is certain, simply because Jewish men are many and Jewish women few. In spite of rabbis, Jewish homes, papers, and clubs, the Jew will be forced into the fiber of the coming Mexico. He is losing himself in a race that is finding itself. For Mexico, all Latin America, is today breaking into its first stride, is literally being born. The complex elements that have for several hundred years made Mexico a land of many peoples are beginning to web together. The Jew here is at his world-old task of disseminating, underpinning, pushing, spreading the new civilization. If he has ever had a purpose, a special mission, this of welding, because of his remarkable fitness for it, is surely the 'divine role.'

"That the assimilation of the Jew in Mexico is desirable, undesirable, moral, immoral, a religious betrayal, rank apostasy, or an enlightened salvation—these phrases are hardly relevant. Words can do no more than clarify a movement that is stronger than all the preservatives in the world. Consciously or unconsciously, unwilling, acquiescent or deliberate, the Jew in Mexico, whether he is Arabian, Turkish, Russian,

English, Polish, or German, whether he is merchant, teacher, peddler, or artist, educated or ignorant, is becoming as Mexican a Mexican as the descendant of the *conquistador* or the son of the native Indian. He is giving and will give, to the Mexico of the future, not only his work, his money, or his brain, but literally himself."

Ben Silbert

(Continued from Page 26)

had this to say: "Mr. Silbert's exhibition in Berlin attracted wide attention, and I visited it there with much pleasure. His pictures show force and originality, and are as far as possible from the banal."

The following spring Silbert exhibited his work at the Galerie Paul Guillaume in Paris, where he found immediate success as well as the hearty approval of Maurice Raynal, art editor of *L'Intransigeant*.

In New York Ben Silbert's paintings received a warm welcome in the galleries of Mrs. Albert Sterner. The press and various art periodicals were extremely laudatory in their comments. Silbert gained much praise in Baltimore, where the exhibition of his paintings was shown by the Baltimore Museum of Art. While in Baltimore the artist painted the portraits of several prominent art lovers of that city.

In Chicago, through the kindness of Mrs. Emanuel Mandel, the Art Institute was able to acquire for its permanent collection one of Mr. Silbert's pictures, and Mr. Robert Harche, the director, selected his "Lady in Orange." This is a very representative piece of work, and has been on view with the exhibition of Silbert's paintings that the Art Institute has been showing for the past two months.

Silbert's portrait of "Fanny Lee," the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Meyer of Chicago, was one of the few paintings by younger artists to pass the jury and be exhibited in the Twenty-third International Exhibition at Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh.

PREAMBLE TO CONSTITUTION, I. O. B. B.

The Independent Order of B'nai B'rith has taken upon itself the mission of uniting Israelites in the work of promoting their highest interests and those of humanity; of developing and elevating the mental and moral character of the people of our faith; of inculcating the purest principles of philanthropy, honor and patriotism; of supporting science and art; alleviating the wants of the poor and needy; visiting and attending the sick; coming to the rescue of victims of persecution; providing for, protecting and assisting the widow and orphan on the broadest principles of humanity.

(*Joel Blau's answer to Bertrand Russell—Continued from page 7*)

New Pogroms for Old

the ideal of monogamy—one man for one woman united under God in fulfillment of the divine purpose; and—highest stroke of genius!—prevents divorce by making it comparatively easy. It is the Jewish home ideal which, equally removed from the extremes of celibacy and Sybaritism, of puritanism and profligacy, (extremes that often meet, as psychoanalysts tell us) sets up the sane and sanctified married life as the source of man's highest good. Has mankind really outgrown this ideal?

IV.

CONSIDER briefly the nature of marriage. It is unique, insofar as it represents the union of seeming opposites. For in the marriage ideal, properly conceived, there are united two points of view that are apt very often to destroy one another. One is the individual point of view; the other, the social. Marriage is at once the most private and the most public concern of man. On its individual side it represents the striving of man after self-fulfilment, by complementing the halfness of his nature through a personality kindred yet different. The same, needless to add, holds true of woman. At best, it is a pathetic attempt, but its pathos does but enhance its spiritual value. Through the blind passion of the heart, through the groping desires of the perishable body, through a hunger which is joy and pain alike, and through satisfactions that are both obscured and beautified by colored mists of romance, and shot with fitful dreams that prophesy their own extinction: through all this insubstantial network of dreams and illusions, men and women seek to lay hold of the eternal life, of a love that abides although time has ceased! And it was its deep insight into human nature coupled with a clear social vision that caused the Jewish genius to realize that the home—foundation of state and civilization—cannot be based upon so insecure a prop as romance, which by its very nature must crumble. It therefore based the home upon the social purpose, namely, the proper bringing up of children as standard-bearers of the ideal. It was not unmindful of the needs and claims of the individual; the Song of Songs proves that: but it placed the chief emphasis, not upon the individual and his romantic longings, but upon the group and its lasting interests and as-

pirations. Nay, it claimed that the highest purpose of the married life can only be accomplished where that life enfolds within its unity both the individual and the social points of view; that, in the last analysis, even the individual can realize his happiness best where he does not interpret happiness in too narrow a sense as consisting only of the satisfaction of personal whims but as comprising his own and the general good in mutual adjustment. It is not at all strange that, wherever the impermanence of the home is set up as an ideal, it is always done under the plea of self-expression: that is to say, by placing the individual interest higher than the group interest. Mr. Russell does this very thing when he maintains that marriage is largely a personal affair. The Jewish ideal, on the contrary, has it that it is largely a group affair. This is the real issue between the old morality and the new. Has mankind really outgrown the old morality, and is it ready for the new? Is the poultry yard to take the place of the home as conceived by the Jewish Genius?

V.

THIS Genius can well afford to smile indulgently at the charge that it is too old to guide this generation. From the height of its four-thousand-year old. wisdom it looks down calmly upon the western scene, as one who knows, and, knowing, forgives. It well understands the boast of this civilization, a mere child compared to the eastern one, as one who has watched the passage of the ages, and, watching, waits. It has passed through the turmoil of spirit which still troubles the Soul of the West, as one who has persistently sought the way to a solution of the human problem, and, finding it, and offering it to mankind, prays for its world-wide adoption. The Jewish Genius outworn? It is neither outworn nor worn out. It is old only as the heavens are old, it is eternally young like the fresh dawn; and it is unwearied like the sun on her ceaseless round.

Ask a cultured Chinaman what he thinks of western civilization, of its dazzling splendor, of the surprise of its mechanical inventions. His answer will be, as like as not, a quizzical and mysterious little smile. Pressed for a

reply, he will tell you that his ancient civilization has long passed through and beyond the stage in which the Occident finds itself today. The West still plays with its huge mechanical toys, still busies itself with the externalities of life, instead of probing deep within and finding in life's spiritualities man's noblest interest and concern. Similarly with the Jewish Genius; it can look down from its historic height as one who looks at a play-ground where children play, amidst much shouting, with bright rags and shining pebbles.

What is the Western Scene as it might appear to this hoary Genius? A generation oversexed, steeped in eroticism, which has not yet learned to control its impulses. Men and women in neurotic frenzy, taking their ideals from highly-colored novels, childish moving pictures, yellow journals and sensational pulpits. A frantic and earth-wide attempt to whip up the jaded nerves by sensuous lashings, voluptuous indulgence going hand in hand with and being masked by public professions of abstinence. A veritable Bedlam of lusts and mutually destructive greeds filling the streets and places of assembly with confused noises, out of which the maddened soul of man shrieks in terror in what may be a last effort to save itself from hopeless lunacy. And this mad, mad scene is called civilization!

Ah, if it were only children playing with bright rags and shining pebbles! But these children are full of mischief, and their mad shouting has gone to their heads! Yet, they dare to shout up to the wise old Genius of Israel that mankind has outgrown Jewish morality!

Outgrown Jewish morality? Rather, not yet grown up to it. Still playing with the vanity of sex instead of passing beyond, with deeper knowledge, to the sanity of impulses well-governed. Will the day come when sanity will take the place of vanity?

From the height of its four-thousand-year-old wisdom, the Jewish Genius looks down upon the scene of mankind in sex-turmoil, and like a benediction its tolerant smile descends upon these boastful children. It looks and waits, and in its eyes there is that which tells of the better day.

Remembrance and Atonement

(Continued from Page 31)

of Remembrance the book is opened. The account for the year is closed.

Both individuals and nations are judged. For nations also can do wrong, just as they can do right. In the intercourse of nation with nation there may be a spirit of comity, of gentlemanly

behavior, of helpfulness, of kindness, a desire to propitiate; and then again rancor, chicanery, offensiveness, downright exploitation and holding down by force, the orgy of hatred. The impartial Judge strikes the balance and in strict justice administers rebuke when rebuke is deserved, just as He commends a noble deed and a kindly act. He orders reparation where rep-

aration is possible. But even then our conscience remains scarred. Remembrances cannot be effaced. They clog the brain. The penitential mood takes hold on us. The pride of the haughty is abased. We would all grovel in the dust and with lowered lids beg forgiveness. We have sullied the Ideal.

(Continued on Page 46)

(*The travel notes of Dr. Margolis—Continued from page 10*)

A Year in the Holy Land

The trip from Constantinople to Jaffa took three days. We had a goodly number of Jews going from America to Palestine, both in the third class and in the first and second. Accordingly there must be Zionists in America to whom Zionism is in no wise vicarious—to let the other man go and to sit yourself under the American vine and fig-tree. We had whole families bent upon settling in Palestine. One paterfamilias I came across yesterday—his family was very much dissatisfied with hotel accommodations, both on the score of high prices and the absence of ordinary comforts. This matter of housing is indeed a serious problem. It is not that dwellings are scarce. Houses are going up everywhere. But the British occupation caused prices to soar, and prices once they have mounted will not readily go down. What is asked in any American city for a three-story house (with ample garden in the suburbs) is what is demanded here for a small apartment. Boarding houses of the better class, such as an American may put up with, are scarce and exceedingly high-priced. Keeping house for a stranger is an experience to be shunned.

HOWEVER, to return to my Jewish fellow-travellers. The purser showed me a letter from the owners of the steamship line directing that all deference and courtesy should be shown to the Jews; to see to it that they are in no wise insulted by the service personnel; that they should be given facilities to assemble for worship. The meat is bought kosher in New York and then again at Constanza, and on some of the boats a Jewish cook is engaged. Those who refrained from eating meat or even fish were provided with a vegetarian meal. There were Jews of all ages. An old man wearing a skull-cap and easily taken for a rabbi was a house-painter by trade; he will find ample work in Palestine. There were old women with wigs, and young women

with bobbed hair. Young men, some speaking Hebrew, were ready to apprentice themselves in any trade. There was one who had been formerly in Palestine but was just now returning from California where he took a course in the agricultural department of the state university. A colleague of his, the son of the late Ben Yehuda, celebrated for his Dictionary (about which later) and for his efforts on behalf of the spoken Hebrew, is now on a vacation home. He is going back to complete his studies. In the third class I came across a young man who is going to Palestine for the fourth time: twice from Russia and twice from America; he will visit his parents in Palestine and then return. At Constanza there embarked some seventy Haluzim from Lithuania, all, as I was informed, of the working class. A gentleman from the same country, who has been identified with the chain of credit banks, told me that the economic conditions of Lithuanian Jewry are just now quite bad. Hence the exodus.

Just as going out from Constantinople was a matter of difficulty, so coming into Palestine was not easy. At four in the morning I beheld the outlines of the coast, and soon enough the sun shone on Jaffa. I was agreeably surprised with the sight of the city. Soon enough we were lined up before a number of officials, three Jews and one or two Arabs. The majority announced themselves as tourists and were given leave to remain three months. I truly answered that my appointment was for one year. So according to the letter of the law I was neither tourist nor pilgrim, but an immigrant. Think of an immigrant who comes to stay for just about a year. However, the letter of the regulation must be observed. The Jewish official was rather harsh, somewhat after the manner of the emissary of the Charities in old Castle Garden. My passport was retained but was returned to me on shore, a higher official

kindly dispensing with payment of several pounds on my part, since I was going to do archeological work. But we had to go through quarantine and re-submit to vaccination and inoculation though all that had been done at home. Then the difficulty of getting luggage examined at the customs house next morning which was Sunday. Still the officials were quite accommodating and civil.

I ARRIVED in Tel Aviv just in time to get to the synagogue at Musaph time. It is a new and pretentious structure just going up, but the lower floor is being used temporarily. There were quite a goodly number of worshippers, and I was delighted to meet my friend Dr. Mann of the Faculty of the Hebrew Union College. The service did not inspire either of us. The intellectuals of the community were not there; perhaps they assemble privately for divine worship.

Tel Aviv is the model town of Palestine. It is wholly Jewish. Buildings are going up everywhere. The township has its own electric lighting plant. Hebrew is spoken everywhere, and also Yiddish. In the afternoon the streets were lined with promenaders, especially the principal street, the Rehob Allenby, which leads to the coast. Something like the Jersey seaside resorts in miniature. Perhaps in course of time they will have a boardwalk. There was a sabbath atmosphere in the air. All shops were closed, even drug stores. Here and there a cigarette was smoked. But, as was explained to me by the man who attended to my baggage, one does not work on the sabbath day. It is a matter of principle. This man, by the way, had graduated from a gymnasium in Moscow, had taken work in the Jaffa gymnasium, and then for a while had been matriculated in the Vienna University; he is saving up his money to enroll himself as a student in the Jerusalem University as soon as it is opened; meanwhile he handles

A YEAR IN THE HOLY LAND

heavy luggage. There is no idling in Jaffa or Tel Aviv. The Jews do all the heavy labor, whether as truck drivers or laborers in cement factories or in the building operations. But there is evident contentment.

THE sun was broiling in Tel Aviv.

We were glad to leave it behind at noon on Sunday. The motor took us through the coast land past Arab villages, British aviation camps, and Jewish settlements. The mountains of Judea were immediately visible, and gradually we made the ascent. The hills were picturesque, but devoid of soil, just rocks, but the terraces made by human hands testified that formerly these hills had been covered with vineyards. As I mean to go over this part of the country in the near future, I shall forbear to describe it at length; similarly I expect to revert to Tel Aviv; it is needless to say that I shall visit the colonies. For all these visits I am fortunate to avail myself of expert guidance at the hands of men who have lived in the land for decades or else are in charge of administrative departments.

At a certain point in our ascent the Mediterranean became visible, and not only visible; the cool breezes wafted from the sea were refreshing. Soon we saw Jerusalem, though at some distance. At last we entered the Holy City. As I am writing these lines, my residence in the city is just a week old. I mean to explore the city in good leisure. So far as the ancient remains are concerned, the American School of Archaeology provides for weekly excursions. Our resident director is brimful with knowledge of the past. I may just as well introduce him to my readers. Dr. Albright is a pupil of Professor Haupt at Johns Hopkins University. Since his arrival in this city, he has mastered not only the subject of archaeology, nor only the modern Arabic speech, but he speaks Hebrew like a native.

For Hebrew is spoken here. It is spoken by the clerk in the largest hotel, by the saleswoman in the shop, by

fathers and mothers and especially the children. Stranger that I still am and ignorant of location of places, I need only turn to the first passer-by whom I have reason to suspect of being a Jew and in the spoken Hebrew of the land he will direct me. This very morning I held an animated conversation with a youngster, some ten years old; as a matter of fact, the lad did all the talking; and fluently without the least straining for expressions. Still more remarkable is the compelling force for mature men who, let me say, in their legal profession found it necessary to acquire a smattering of Hebrew.

LAST sabbath, I undertook to find my own way to the synagogue. I proceeded along the Damascus Road, then turned through the Damascus Gate into the native quarter. Here there was nothing of what I would call a street. It seemed like a vaulted passage-way. The prolongation of it was the Jewish quarter. I met a lad who presented a clean appearance and was devoid of the long curls by which young and old Hasidim are distinguished. We engaged in conversation, naturally in Hebrew. He offered his services to take me to the synagogue. Would I go to the Western Wall (Kothel Maarabi)? I said, Not today. That I reserve for another occasion. I am told the eve of the ninth of Ab would be the most opportune time. But I shall probably get there sooner. For the time being I asked to be directed to the Sephardic synagogue which is named after Johanan ben Zaccai. But, alas, though it was nine o'clock in the morning the services were over. So I begged to be directed to the Hurveh. This is the name by which the chief Ashkenazic synagogue goes. Moses ben Nahman, when he visited Palestine in the year 1267, is said to have acquired the plot and to have built the synagogue. It was enlarged by Judah the Saint, but was burnt down by the Arabs in 1621. It became a ruin, Hurveh (hurbah). In 1835 the place was restored to the Jews and a new edifice was erected in 1864. The Law

was being read when I arrived. The shamash presented me with a prayer book, and soon enough I was called up. After the services a fellow-traveller on the steamer introduced me to the president, Mr. Amdurski, who had been to New York, and he in turn introduced me to the rabbis.

The boy-guide had left me at the entrance. I asked him what I was to do with my walking stick. Oh, leave it outside. But will it not be purloined? Oh no, asur lingoa (it is forbidden to touch it). By the way, the word asur, the counterpart of the German "verboten," meets one all through the city. Everywhere the pedestrian is cautioned in three languages, the English, the Arabic, and the Hebrew, not to do certain things. The names of the streets are likewise marked in the three languages. Sometimes they do not tally. So what is in English the Damascus Gate Road becomes in Arabic the Way of the Gate of the Column (a column used in ancient times to stand at the Gate, as we know from the map of the mosaic of the church at Madaba across the Jordan) and in Hebrew the Way of the Gate of Shechem. Signs on stores and on public buildings are likewise trilingual. In general Palestine revels in signs with large letters which are smeared all over the walls. I cannot say that it adds to attractiveness of the place. With us signs are less obtrusive. English, by the way, is making headway. There is no blinking the fact that John Bull is at home here. English habits are cultivated; they manifest themselves in dress, in the strong brew of tea that is imbibed, in certain phrases unfamiliar to Americans. But is the city Hebrew, Jewish? On that aspect I will speak in my next letter.

This is the first of the series of Dr. Margolis' articles on his experiences in Palestine. The second installment will appear in November.

The illustrations to this article are from etchings by the famous German artist, E. M. Lilien, who is also a member of the B'nai B'rith.



Lilien

(Continued from Page 44)

We have been recreant to Duty. We have brutalized our humanity. We have stirred up strife and contention between groups in the nation as between nation and nation. There has been an ascendancy of the selfish spirit. The soul of the individual calls for an equilibrium between the self-seeking appetites and the generous spirit of co-operation with our fellow-beings. Nations bethink themselves and realize that a house divided against itself cannot abide and that one nation must live with another in amity and peace.

The sword may rattle in thoughtless arrogance. The second thought brings a sense of shame and confusion. Sooner or later this penitence must assert itself. And when once the tenderer emotions are given sway, Reconciliations, Atonement is prepared. Once more there is a dedication to the Ideal. All enmities are hushed, hatred is banished, love reigns supreme, man is reunited to God, and God graciously pronounces pardon. The annually recurring Days of Remembrance and of Atonement in our calendar are the milestones in the Jewish ascent Godward. The awe of the Day of Judg-

ment is upon us. We re-submit to its searching. Before God we cleanse our consciences. And from Him we receive the assurance of a new heart and a new will. We stand consecrated again to the service of God, who will not forsake us, though often we have forsaken Him. In whose heart soever there is a spark of the Jewish faith and hope, he will take his place in the congregation with fellow-believers to renew the ties that bind Jew to Jew and Jew to man and man to God, who is the Father of all, who is the God of remembrance and of atonement alike.

The Nordic Conquest of North America

(Lucius Solomons discusses "Immigration de Luxe"—Continued from page 15)

classification, ignoring nations as such, and dealing strictly with racial groups, where would the Jew be placed? Manifestly, if these rabid racialists have their successful day in court, he would be elbowed out of all three subdivisions at once—for, according to this new ethnology, he is, historically speaking, a Semitic Asiatic. How could it be accomplished? Easily enough. Aliens ineligible to citizenship are already being arbitrarily excluded. True, the present constitutional limitation on naturalization is confined to the Far East. But what's a little thing like the Constitution among restrictionists, prohibitionists or other friends of freedom? Besides, do not our anti-Semitic well-wishers bid us God-speed on our way to Palestine? They say it was a grave historical blunder ever to occidentalize us in the first instance, or permit us to do it for ourselves; and, after nineteen centuries of useless experimentation, our spurious Western stock should be re-orientalized, in order to be cleansed and purified once more. Thanks; so eastward the star of Jewish empire takes its way. This also is in strict accord with the ingenious plan of segregation, copyrighted by our unspeakable friendly-enemy Hillaire Belloc; and whether we weep over it, or whether we laugh over it, the time may possibly come when we may all have to embrace Zionism as the only way out for European Jews desirous of emigrating. These are some of the fears expressed by the alarmed among us. We will not speak with that voice now, for the danger, if it exists at all, is many decades ahead of us.

But to return to the fascinating Nordic. Here are his predominating traits, listed by his unknown *amicus*

curiae, and hence authentic:

Restless creative energy.

Dominant personality or masterful nature.

High political ability.

At once democratic and aristocratic.

Will not tolerate tyranny.

High standard of living.

There must be some mistake, for this reads like a character sketch of Aaron Burr. It catalogues what it might be hailed off-hand as virtues; but it naively describes the vicious characteristics of every soldier of fortune, every ruthless plunderer of his fellow-man, every time-serving and self-serving political schemer, every social highwayman along the road of life. The Blue Book of corrupt officialdom in the Nation's Capital, or Who's-Who-in-Teapot-Dome, will reveal name after name of men whose characters are graced by these outstanding attributes. Scan the long list of those infamous in public life from the birth of our nation to the present day. You will find scarcely an Alpine or Mediterranean name. Among the scores of grafters, blacklegs, corruptionists, miscreants and moral idiots recently floundering in the putrid mess at Washington, try to pick one of French, German, Austrian, Hungarian, Bohemian, Polish, Russian, Roumanian, Spanish, Italian, Greek or Jewish genealogy. You can not. But be magnanimous; and don't apply the process of elimination.

HOWEVER, this is not all. The intending immigrant's full list of disqualifications is the following:

Insanity.

Crime.

Pauperism or dependency.

Feeble-mindedness.

Tuberculosis.

Epilepsy.

A casual glance at the figures taken from official sources of investigation reveals an interesting summary of the percentage of foreign-born residents of the United States, who, in proportion to their share of the total population, are public charges; i. e., (by confinement in penal institutions) by lunatic asylums, hospitals for the incurable and almshouses:

For insanity, Ireland starts out with the largest percentage. Russian-Finland and Scandanavia capture the second and third prizes. In crime, Russian-Finland is third on the list. In dependency or pauperism, Great Britain shines forth resplendantly as the high man.

Feeble-mindedness attacks the Finns first.

Tuberculosis claims the Scandanavian and Finnish foreign-born as its second and third most frequent victims; while epilepsy finds its first flourishing fields among British and Finnish.

For all defects taken together Nordic nationalities, take first and second place.

And it is the loud champion of such susceptible stock as this who seeks the social disfranchisement of central, eastern and southern Europe. Think of Alpine Switzerland among the outlawed nations, land of William Tell

and Arnold Winkelreid, her rugged mountain sides, the cradle where freedom in its infancy was rocked; each crag and cliff a refuge for its defenders, and in all ages a fortress for its warriors. Think of Mediterranean Italy, where Dante sang to Beatrice in heroic hopelessness the age-old tale of sex devotion—the sweetest story of man's love for woman since our father Jacob in simple faith toiled his twice seven years for Rachel. Classic Italy, home of romance, poetry and song; where grace and glory make their tryst with melody, and each twin-sister art pays homage to the mythologic muse. O, shades of Leonardo, Michelangelo, all the Godlike offspring of the magic Renaissance! O,

spirit of Verdi, of Donizetti and Rossini, listen to these oracles of Nordic land! And noble Gallileo, like Israel, martyr of the Holy Inquisition, you who, in chains and racking torture, hurled your inspired heresy in the teeth of your tormentors, and warned them that their little world was moving ever onward, ever forward to the sun; from your Heavenly heights, bow low and make obeisance to the Lord's Anointed; the Averian shades of Viking chiefs and plundering Baltic Norsemen, now serving time and trenching on eternity in the penitential realms of the unblest.

May the Nordic dream of an immigration de luxe prove to be only a nightmare.

(Rosalind Schwab laughs at a "Tribal Custom."—Continued from page 23)

The Great American Summer Resort

familiarity, is not hastily acquired. Ben hands us a pile of chips, the delicate hue of oleomargarine. A novice, such as I, carelessly distributes these hither and yon. Not so the adept. The ritual continues as follows: Ben twirls the marble. We put one chip between zero and double zero, one on thirteen, because that is always lucky, and one on twenty-three, because that is our number, on which we won at French Lick, three years ago. The ball lands on seventeen. Ben rakes in the chips*. Repeat between **, until one o'clock or until our loss equals seventy-five dollars. We hand Ben a check and retire with a clear conscience. At first I criticised this amusement, as not being particularly exciting. But I was astute enough to learn, ere long, that it is not supposed to be. I have thought of initiating another sport—that of sailing five dollar bills off the bridge. But there is no tradition back of it, so I fear it would have no followers.

You may note that I have constantly referred to the Charlevoixing as "she." So far as I could learn—and I do not at all feel that I have plumbed Charlevoix to its depths—it is much more customary to be female than male. I hope my judgment is correct and that I have, in one particular at least, triumphantly attained good form. Men are sometimes to be seen in Charlevoix, but they do not seem an inherent part of the tribe. I should say without hesitation that Charlevoix is a matriarchate.

I have pursued this study with a double purpose. Partly, of course, in an humble effort to amuse my readers, but partly to instruct myself. Seeing, in cold black and white, the matter of

my transgressions against the manners and customs of the Great American Summer Resort, I should have the less excuse for continuing to live in sin. Whether I have succeeded in my first object, I do not know—I can but hope. But in the latter, I fear I have failed. I can no longer keep to this tone of studied indifference. I can no longer harbor the truth within my breast. Murder will out. I like bridge (Mah Jongg), I like parties, I like Cincinnatians, even in summer, and worst of all—I can no longer conceal it—I like Charlevoix.

(Prize Novel of de Lacretelle—Continued from page 20.)

Silbermann

day the boys who were reading for the higher science degree usually organised a rag which was more or less winked at by the masters. The lower forms hardly took part in it, but, at the same time, it created a certain feeling of excitement in the whole school.

This year the uproar was tremendous. As soon as afternoon school was over, the light of Bengal fires suddenly lit up the whole courtyard and then went out again to the accompaniment of shouting and singing. Directly afterwards a loud explosion made us jump. A suppressed excitement ran down the forms. I gazed nervously at the dark windows, disgusted by this wildness and savagery. The drum sounded. The boys rushed shouting to the door, and one of them—I do not know who—passing by Silbermann, shoved him back, yelling ferociously in his face:

"Down with the Jews!"

(To be continued)

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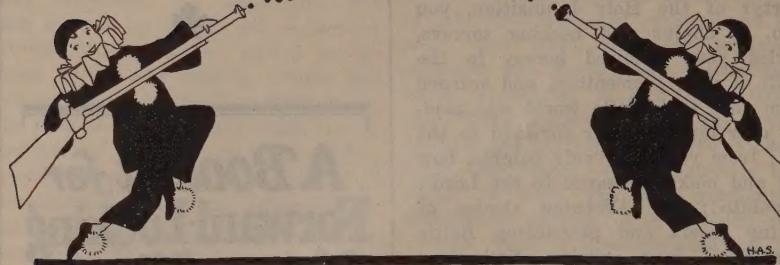
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B.B. SHOTS



TOPICS OF THE DAY

The public knows only a little of its candidates for high office. It knows that one man is inclined to speak little and once had something to do with a Police Strike in Boston; it knows that another man smokes a pipe that has the stem near the top and that he is inclined to be profane on the slightest occasion; it has heard of another man that he was the lawyer for the Morgan's and looked very good when he represented the United States at the court of St. James, whereas his running mate is the brother of a well-known Chautauqua orator. The third party candidate, it is thought, is a rather disagreeable person who is not satisfied with things as they are—so much so that the name "fighting" has been given to him, and nobody seems to know much about his running mate. In November the so-called "citizen" will go to the polls and solemnly indicate, on the basis of this information, which of these leaders is to guide his fortunes during the next four years. Now is the time to find out, brother, not after the inauguration!

Some day, ten or twelve years from now, somebody will refer to a certain murder and a trial that were held in Chicago during 1924, and the people who are listening will wonder why so much fuss was made over the matter. Then some brilliant sociologist will call attention to the fact that, outside of an exceedingly dull presidential election, there was nothing to attract people's attention.

—B—B—

WASN'T HE SMART?

An instructor in English once received an examination paper which contained the sentence:

"At this time the president of the lodge hatched out a scheme."

"That's a fine sentence!" exclaimed the instructor sarcastically. "Sammy, you wrote this. Is that the best English you know?"

"It sounds all right to me," said Sammy.

"It does, eh? Do you think the pres-

ident was a chicken? If not, how could he hatch out a scheme?"

"Well, said Sammy, "he might have had his mind set on it."

—B—B—

CURRENT COMMENT

"The only two who can live as cheaply as one," says the cynic, "are a flea and a dog."

For most men custom is stronger than conscience.

"The neck of the waist and the hem of the skirt," says the *American Legion Weekly*, "will now join in singing 'Where Do We Go From Here?'"

A flapper is a female between the ages of sixteen to twenty-one who paints, smokes, swears and goes anywhere unchaperoned. There used to be another name for this species.

A man educated in a narrow way to think along a narrow line is hardly likely to be a broad man.

—B—B—

AS IT IS SPOKEN

When the English tongue we speak
Why is break not rhymed with freak?
Will you tell me why it's true
We say sew but likewise few,
And the maker of a verse
Cannot cap his horse with worse?
Beard sounds not the same as heard;
Cord is different from word;
Cow is cow, but low is low;
Shoe is never rhymed with foe.
Think of hose and dose and lose,
And of goose and yet of choose.
Think of comb and tomb and bomb,
Doll and roll and home and some.
And since pay is rhymed with say,
Why not paid with said, I pray?
We have blood and food and good,
Mould is not pronounced like could.
Wherefore done and gone and lone?
Is there any reason known?
And, in short, it seems to me
Sound and letters disagree.

Then there's cough and bough and tough
Through and dough and that's enough.

—B—B—

Evolution is Merely Change, Not Necessarily Improvement

ANOTHER MEETING

"Mr. President—"

"The chair recognizes Mr. Lapidus."

"You ought to recognize me since I was initiated. Some of them fellers which comes once a year you might not recognize."

"Have you anything to bring before the order, Mr. Lapidus?"

"When does the order come, Mr. President?"

"We are here on a serious purpose, Mr. Lapidus, and if you have any business, we would be pleased to have you attend to it."

"If I had business, Mr. President, I couldn't come to the lodge."

"Mr. Lapidus, you are out of order."

"I didn't get started yet. What I want to say is that the secretary put me on a sick committee and when it comes to making a visit the whole committee, outside of me, is sick, and now you are telling me I am out of order."

"Mr. Secretary, what about the sick committee?"

"It is unfortunate, but true, Mr. President, that the other two members of the committee became ill subsequent to their appointment. I would suggest that Mr. Lapidus add their names to the list of the sick on whom he is to call, and that the president appoint two other members to fill out the committee."

"Mr. President, I would like to amend the suggestion by striking out the word 'Lapidus,' and substituting for it the name of the President."

"Mr. President—"

"Mr. President—"

"Mr. President—"

"I recognize Mr. Gevrah!"

"Mr. President, I would like to second the amendment of Mr. Lapidus, and if Mr. Lapidus will come with me for a few moments into the gymnasium I will help to get on the sick list instead of the sick committee."

—B—B—

NEWSPAPER COMMENT

From the *NEWARK LEDGER*:—
The reason there were fewer wrecks in the old horse-and-buggy days was because the driver didn't depend wholly on his own intelligence.

From the *TAMPA TRIBUNE*:—
We strongly suspect the fauns and satyrs pictured in Greek art were not mythological creatures at all, but the horrible result and cause for the abandonment of experiments with gland grafting by the ancients.

From the *INDIANAPOLIS NEWS*:—The skull a half inch thick that was found in Arizona will be sent to Washington. They usually are, you know.

—B—B—

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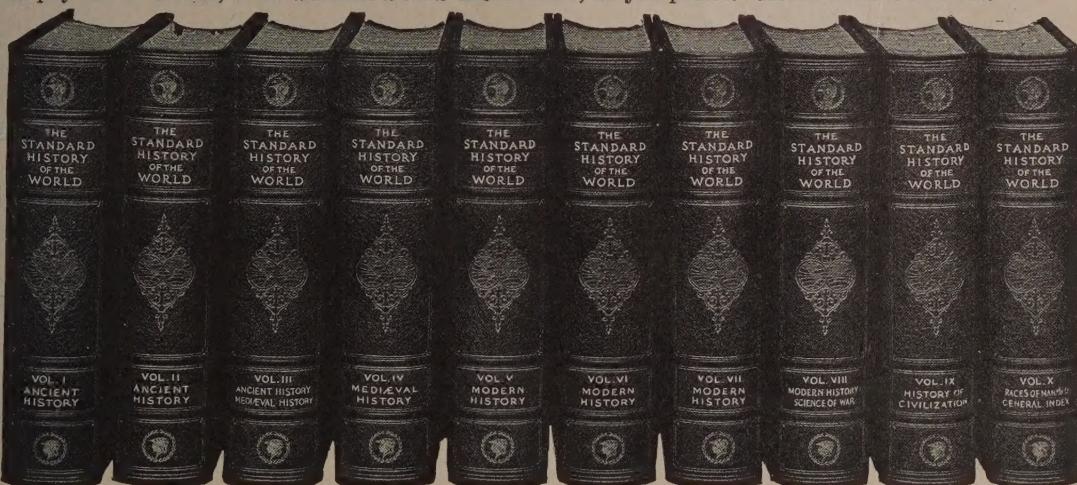
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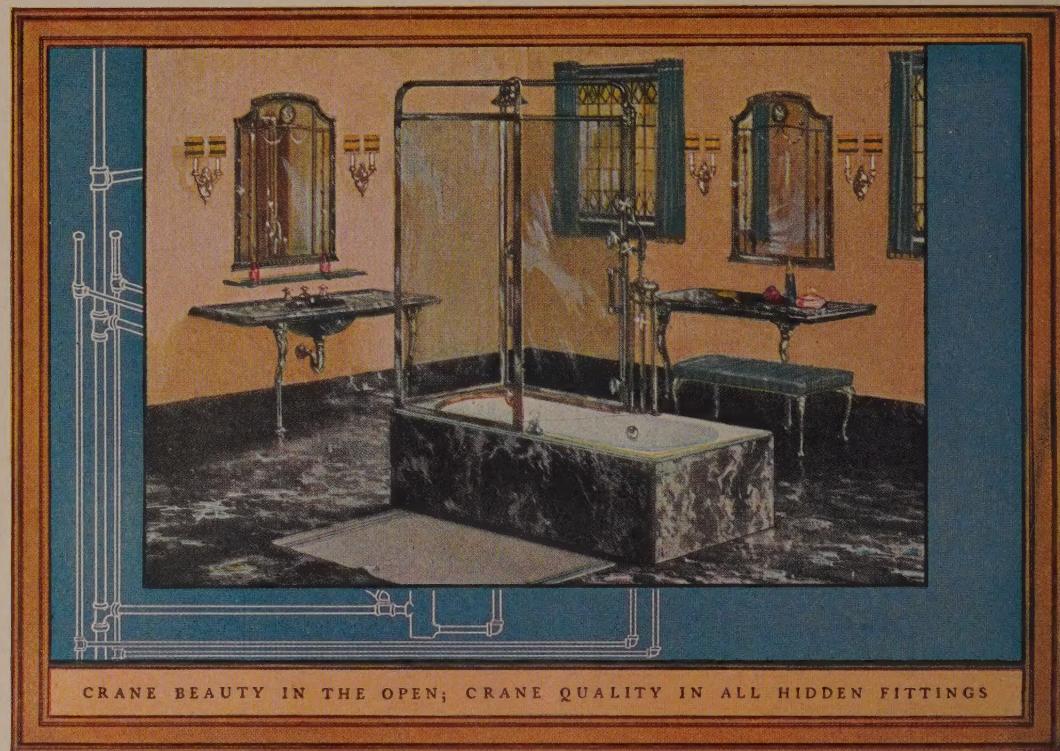
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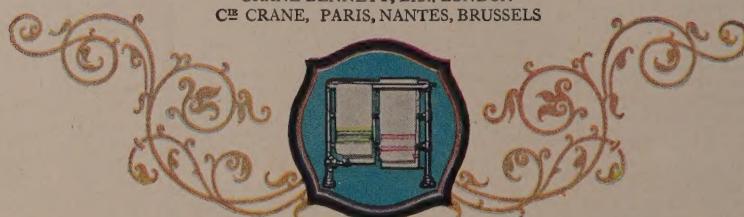
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